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# HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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MONDAY, THE FIFTH OF JULY, 1897

EXERCISES IN

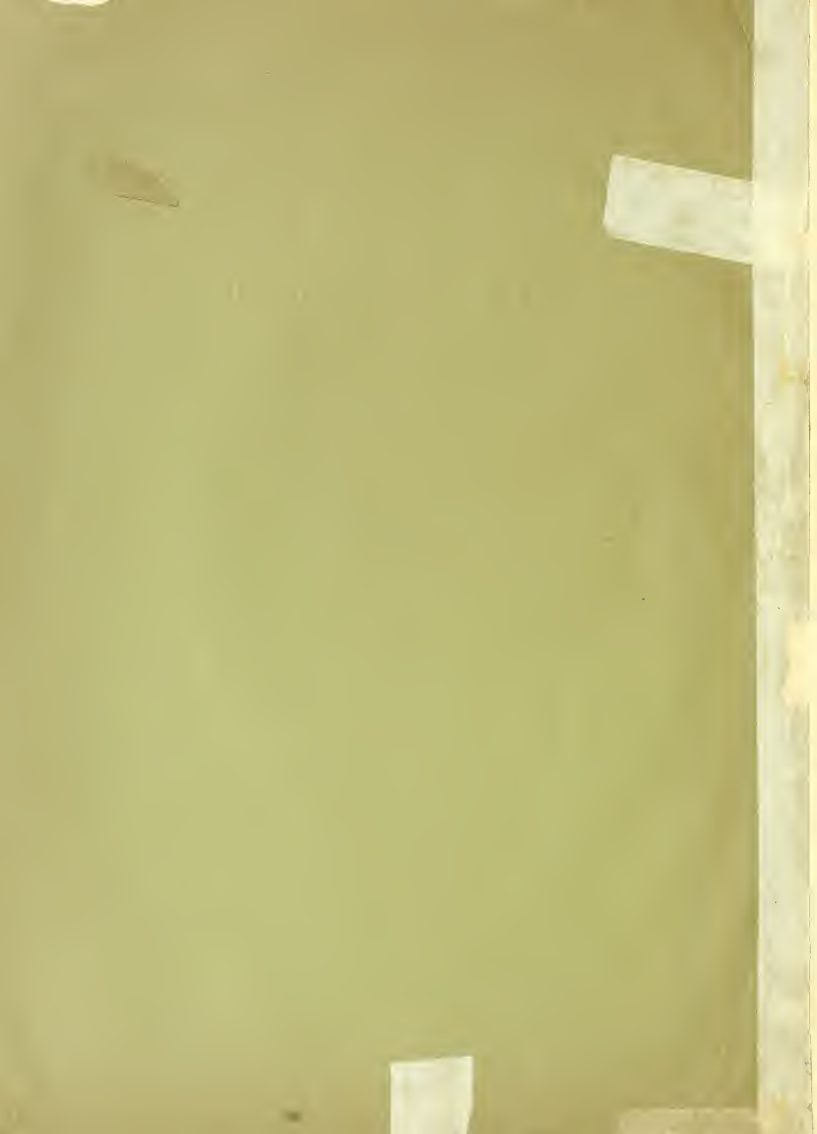
Commemoration of Major Charles Frost

ON THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS MASSACRE  
BY THE INDIANS

SUNDAY, JULY THE FOURTH, 1697

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ELIOT, MAINE





EXERCISES OF  
The Eliot Historical Society

on

MONDAY THE FIFTH OF JULY, 1897

in

COMMEMORATION OF MAJOR CHARLES FROST

on the

TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS MASSACRE

BY THE INDIANS

Sunday, July Fourth, 1697

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## PREFATORY.

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ON February 8, of this year, the ELIOT HISTORICAL SOCIETY was formed, for the purpose of ascertaining and putting in enduring form, the almost forgotten facts of our old town's history.

The first FIELD DAY of the society was on Monday, July 5, in honor of Maj. CHARLES FROST, who was killed by Indians, Sunday, July 4, 1697.

The exercises were on the western slope of Frost's Hill, and were attended by about one thousand people,—citizens of the town, and descendants of Maj. Frost from various parts of the country.

The following pages contain a complete account of the proceedings of the day.

ELIOT, Maine, July, 1897.

J. L. M. W.

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## ORDER OF EXERCISES.

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At 11 o'clock A. M. Concert on the grounds by the  
North Berwick Band.

At 12 o'clock, Basket Lunch.

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### AFTERNOON.

Exercises of the Eliot Historical Society at two o'clock.

I. Selection by the Band.

II. Prayer, by the Chaplain, Rev. Andrew L. Chase.

III. Singing by the School Children:

"The Star Spangled Banner."

IV. Introductory Remarks. Dr. J. L. M. Willis,  
President of the Eliot Historical Society.

V. Oration. Rev. William Salter, D. D.,  
Burlington, Iowa.

"Two Hundred Years Ago. King Williams War."

VI. Selection by the Band.

VII. Poem. Dr. William Hale, Gloucester, Mass.

"The Hero of Great Hill."

VIII. Singing by School Children and Audience,

"America."

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A Procession was formed and proceeded to  
AMBUSH ROCK.

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### AT AMBUSH ROCK.

I. Singing by the School Children. Keller's Hymn,  
"Angel of Peace."

II. Address by Francis Keefe, Esq.,  
Vice President of the Eliot Historical Society,

"The Lesson of a Rock."

III. Unveiling of the Tablet.

IV. Ode.

V. Benediction. Rev. William Salter, D. D.

## INVOCATION

The Rev'd ANDREW L. CHASE, First Congregational Church, Ehot.

THE people assembled at two o'clock, Dr. J. L. M. Willis in the chair; and as the music of the band ceased, he requested the Rev'd Andrew L. Chase to lead devotionally:

Mr. Chase's invocation embodied thanksgivings to God for the many memories associated with the Fourth of July,—the day of our country's Independence,—and the patriotism it ever inspires; for the occasion of interest which had brought so many together; for the revelation of God through the beauty of the surrounding nature: and for the courage, self-sacrifice and religious principles of the early settlers,—especially those whom the service commemorated.

He asked for those assembled, and for all the citizens of the town, that lessons of wisdom might be gained from the contemplations of valued lives; and that the exercises of the afternoon might inspire the courage to be pioneers in the problems of the Present; and to be willing and self-forgotten in solving these problems; and that all might possess and be guided everywhere by strong and wholesome principles.

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Dr. J. L. M. WILLIS, President of Eliot Historical Society.

WE have met to day, to do honor to the memory of our most distinguished townsman of former days. To commemorate the anniversary of the death of Maj. CHARLES FROST, which took place two hundred years ago, (as the calendar reads,) this fourth of July.

The story of his death is quickly told ; but who can adequately tell the story of his life with its struggles and triumphs, and its influence on the generations which have followed him?

It is especially fitting at this time, that we take a *backward* look ; and lay by for a little, the all-absorbing Present, as we study not merely the record of tragedy and struggle, but the grand achievements which have made possible the developments of today.

This is why we have organized and are sustaining the Eliot Historical Society ; and this is why the society has made the effort to revive the memory of Maj. Charles Frost, who was the most venturesome and fearless spirit of his generation. And not his life alone, but of the many others, who with him did so much to claim the wilderness for civilization.

Old Eliot has made many noble pages of history, few of which have as yet been

written. This indeed becomes the office of our Society, and we hope to place in permanent form these records.

We are today in the midst of reminders of Maj. Frost. The land we are on once belonged to him. But a little way down the road is the site of his old homestead. While just to the north of us, and within sound of my voice, on the old trail which led from Sturgeon Creek to Newichawan-nock, is Ambush Rock where he met his death. But a short distance from here, in the orchard close by his old home, he lies buried.

Many of his descendants and their friends are here to-day, and will visit with us these spots. In behalf of the Eliot Historical Society, I bid you a most cordial welcome, hoping the day may prove an enjoyable one to you ; and that you may go away with a strengthened spirit of patriotism, and a greater love for old Eliot.

We have the good fortune to have with us a distinguished descendant of Maj. Charles Frost, who will entertain us with an address on " King William's War. Two Hundred Years Ago." I take great pleasure in introducing the Orator of the day,—the Rev'd WILLIAM SALTER, D. D., of Burlington, Iowa.





AMERICAN COLONIAL HISTORY TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO

• • King William's War • •

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A DISCOURSE

IN COMMEMORATION OF MAJOR CHARLES FROST

UPON THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS MASSACRE BY THE INDIANS

Sunday, July Fourth, 1697

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Delivered before the Eliot Historical Society, Eliot, Maine, July Fifth, 1897

BY THE REV'D WILLIAM SALTER, D. D.,

Member of The Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Iowa



## AMERICAN COLONIAL HISTORY TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

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THE civilization of the world has been largely carried forward by colonies that have gone from more enlightened to less enlightened or to newly discovered lands.

At the dawn of history the Phœnicians were the disseminators of letters and civilization by the colonies they planted upon the shores of the Mediterranean, and by the commerce and trade and the alphabet they carried with them. Hence sprang up philosophy and art in Greece, and law and jurisprudence in Italy. In turn, Greece and Rome carried civilization to other lands. They extended their dominion by force of arms, but by colonies and provincial establishments they knit distant peoples together in the exchanges of commerce; they softened manners; they ameliorated the world. The arts and the language of Greece followed the sword of Alexander. The laws of Rome followed the conquests of Cæsar. The largest and fairest city on the Rhine by its name (*Coln*) recalls the fact that it was originally a Roman colony.

Upon the discovery of America, every portion of the continent fell under European domination. For three centuries the history of America is an elongation of European history, and in no portion independent of it until 1776. Colonies from the Old World took possession of the New. In the course of two centuries, large portions of America were known as "New Spain," or "New France;" a little portion as "New England." The former names have disappeared; the latter remains; and may remain in times afar.

The discovery of the different parts of the continent that form the United States

was made by different nations, by Spain, England, France, Holland, and Russia; and it covered a period of two centuries and a half, from the first sight of Florida by Americus Vesputius in 1497 to the discovery of Alaska by Vitus Bering in 1741. As this vast region came to the knowledge of successive generations, the natives in every part were found to be roving and barbarous tribes, at war with one another, and, while for a time friendly to the white people, sooner or later resisting their progress, and making war upon them with the single exception of William Penn's colony upon the Delaware, the neighboring Indians just before the planting of that colony having been badly worsted in their wars with other tribes.

In America for one hundred years after its discovery, Spain was the dominant power, and held almost exclusive possession. There came a change at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Then France and England began to plant colonies, and a struggle arose between them. The struggle lasted one hundred and sixty years.

Samuel Champlain was upon the Saint Lawrence at the same time Captain John Smith sailed up the James river and made the first settlement in Virginia. Five years before the Pilgrims set foot upon Plymouth Rock, Champlain had set foot upon the shores of Lake Huron. When John Endicott, Francis Higginson, John Winthrop, John Mason and Ferdinando Gorges were founding settlements at Salem, Boston, and upon "the Long Reach of the Piscataqua," Cardinal Richelieu, Champlain, and opulent merchants of Paris organized a "Com-

pany of One Hundred Associates," for the settlement of Canada; and at the same time a company of Jesuit Fathers landed at Quebec.

The earliest wars were life-and-death struggles for existence. The red man regarded the white people as intruders, as having no right upon the soil but by sufferance, and, when jealousies and misunderstandings arose, he sought nothing less than their extermination. The same difficulties and misfortunes were encountered in all the colonies, and in Canada by the French, as in Virginia and Massachusetts by the English, and in New York by the Dutch. Upon landing in Canada, Champlain found the Algonquins and Hurons at war with the Iroquois, and it was as he went on the war-path with the former against the latter, that he first saw the peaceful lake that perpetuates his name. In the scattered villages upon the banks of James river in Virginia, three hundred and forty-seven persons, men, women and children, were killed on a single day, (March 22, 1622.) In a second massacre, twenty-two years later, there were three hundred victims. The wars of the Iroquois and Hurons overwhelmed the early Jesuit missions in Canada with indescribable horrors of torture and massacre. The Mohawks were long the terror of New York before they buried the tomahawk. Massachusetts lost nearly a thousand of her sons, the flower of the colony, in King Philip's war; six hundred houses were burnt; scores of women and children were slain. The ravages of that war extended to the Piscataqua and the Kennebec, where two hundred and sixty persons were killed by the Indians or carried captive. In 1689 the Iroquois burnt LaChine, just above Montreal, and massacred two hundred people.

So unsparing of all Europeans were the Indians, that it was at one time proposed that the French and the English should join in common measures for mutual protection against them. But the proposition

miscarried, and afterwards, as the French in Canada and the English colonies became embroiled in the wars of Europe, the savages were eager to take part in every fray, and could not be restrained. For the last half of the struggle to which I have referred, the colonial wars were French and Indian wars. They were known among our fathers mostly by names from over the sea, as King William's War (1688-97;) Queen Anne's War (1704-13;) King George's War, George II, (1744-8;) and the Seven Years' War (1756-63;) in which France lost Canada.

Two hundred years ago, Europe was in hostile camps. In a perspective of that time from this distance two names are seen at the head of the conflict on their respective sides, Louis XIV of France and William III of England. They were representative men, each of force and weight, but opposite in character, of different ideas, sentiments, manners, and habits, antagonistic in their views of what constitutes a State, of what pleases God, of what ennobles life. In their day those two men had as much to do in shaping the destiny of nations as perhaps any two men have had in any period of history.

At the time referred to (1697,) Louis XIV had been upon the throne of France forty-six years from his fourteenth year. Since Charlemagne no monarch in Europe had gained equal renown or power. Of stately person and royal air, he called to mind the pride, the magnificence, the absolutism of the Cæsars. In pomp and pageantry, in gorgeous retinues, in embellishments of art, in dazzling carousals, in extravagant and wanton luxury, his court surpassed every other in the annals of Europe. It rivalled the fabled glare and glory of Babylon and Persia. It had also the support and blandishment of the philosophers, poets, and wits of the time, men of renown, and of the bishops and clergy of the realm. France was then the wealthiest country in Europe, and the king

aggrandized that wealth to himself.—“Everything in our dominion belongs to us,” was his saying. He maintained the largest standing army that had been seen in Europe for a thousand years, and acted as sovereign of the continent. To sustain his pride and pomp he laid heavy taxes upon the French people, but his expenditures, whether in war or peace, exceeded his revenues, and at his death he left an immense debt which a famous scheme, mortgaging the wealth of the Indies and the Mississippi, was devised to liquidate. It was known as the South Sea Bubble.

Of imperious disposition Louis XIV acknowledged no rule but his own will. He scorned obedience to any other authority. “I am the State,” was his motto. He ground opposition to the dust. He revoked the Edict of Nantes that had given protection to protestants, and ran them down with the Dragonnades, or drove them from France. Of his religion he made a show, but it was a matter of pretence and interest, and never interfered with his vices, but was such a sanctimonious combination of self-assertion with infamous principles as led a leader of opinion in the next century to say, “*Ecrassez L' Infame.*” By force of arms or by menace and artifice, he intimidated surrounding nations. He seized the free city of Strasbourg on the Rhine. He joined hands with the Sultan, and confederated with Mahometans against christians to avenge himself upon Austria. When the amiable Fenelon chided the king's pride, he sent him into disgrace. When Innocent XI resisted his aggression and abuse, the king was so contumacious and obstinate that the Pope supported the coalition which Catholic and Protestant princes formed against him, headed by the Prince of Orange. So long as the Stuarts held the throne of England, Louis XIV dominated the policy of that country in his interest. He made Charles II and James II his pensioners and vassals that they might override the parliament and people of England.

He made Charles II believe that it were better for him to be “viceroy of the Grand Monarch than slave to five hundred of his insolent subjects,” the English Parliament. After the death of Charles II, he offered assistance to keep James II on the throne, when his subjects were muttering against him; and later, when James fled from England, he received him at his court with royal pageantry, and paid him stipends. Upon the accession of William, Prince of Orange, to the throne, by election of Parliament, and upon his coronation in Westminster Abbey, Louis XIV denounced him as a usurper, and declared war against England.

Two hundred years ago (1697) William III was in the ninth year of his reign. He had defended himself against the Grand Monarch, and now that the war was drawing to a close, and negotiations for peace were in progress he was still defiant, and said “that the only way of treating with France is with our swords in our hands.” Finally, a treaty of peace was signed on the 11th of September, 1697.

Of the European complications of that war it is not my province to speak, except that King William's part as the mortal enemy of Louis XIV saved not only England, but other nations as well, from falling under an arbitrary despotism. In fact it was chiefly in view of bringing the help and resources of England to break down that despotism, that the Prince of Orange left his native and beloved Holland and took the English throne. His heart remained all his days in Holland, the land of his great ancestor, William the Silent. The enterprise he undertook, says Macaulay, “was the most arduous and important in the history of modern Europe.” “It saved Europe from Slavery,” is the verdict of a dispassionate French statesman and historian in this century (Guizot).

To then far-away America King William's War was of ominous and absorbing

interest, as it involved the success of our father's experiment in planting Liberty upon the shores of the new world, and as it involved the fate of the struggle to which I have referred for the possession of the continent. The war, however, was not generally known as an American war, or as King William's War. In Europe it was called the "Grand Alliance," or "the Coalition," because different nations were confederate against Louis XIV. In England it was known as the "Revolution;" in France and Germany as the "War of the Palatinate," because the French troops overrun and devoured that Country; in Canada as "Frontenac's war," because Frontenac carried it on with resolute and remorseless rigor against the colonies. To the English colonies it was "King William's war," because to them King William was the head and front of the movement, and because he was the advocate and defender of that free spirit by which they had been animated from the beginning, for which they had braved the ocean and the wilderness. In the colonies they had enjoyed their own institutions of government, had made their own laws, and chosen their own officers. They had subdued the soil, and had maintained themselves against the savages without help from abroad. The mother country had looked upon them askance or treated them with neglect. Charles II and James II had overridden their charters, and imposed unworthy and arbitrary men as commissioners and governors. Connecticut had refused to give up its charter and hid it in the hollow of an oak. Upon hearing of the landing of the Prince of Orange in England, Massachusetts, weary of the misrule of Sir Edmund Andros, rose in insurrection against the royal governor, put him in arrest, and reinstated a former governor, then in his eighty-five year, the last survivor of the founders of the colony. A zealot for James II, Andros had seemed to act in collusion with Louis XIV against

the liberties of Englishmen. His government was denounced at the time as a "French government," and it became "an abomination to posterity," as was foretold of it at the time.

Nowhere was the accession of William III received with greater joy than in the colonies. It acknowledged their rights and liberties, and put an end to the tyranny of Andros and the Stuarts. There was never before such rejoicing in America. It was more hearty and universal than in England, where James had many adherents, where a reactionary spirit soon broke out, and where it could hardly be forgiven William that he was a Dutchman. New England had no such prejudice, for Holland had given shelter and home to the Pilgrims when exiled from their native land, and the Dutch people were the original founders of the colony of New York.

To Louis XIV the establishment of his rule and power in America was an object of exceeding interest and desire. He set his heart inordinately upon it. He did more to make a New France in America than all the kings of England ever did for the establishment or support of the English colonies. It was in his reign that the valley of the Mississippi was discovered, and La Salle had named the vast region *Louisiana* in his honor. Canada and Louisiana were found to be interlaced and interlocked. Nature seemed to have marked both regions for one country. At several points the portage between the waters that flow to the St. Lawrence and those that flow to the Mississippi is hardly a stone's throw, and in seasons of flood those waters intermingle. Could Louis XIV have conquered the English colonies on the Atlantic, the whole continent would have been his. New England would have been blotted from the map, the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi and the Atlantic slope would have all alike become New France.

Among the friends and courtiers of Louis

XIV was Count Frontenac, Governor of Canada at the time of the discovery of the Mississippi, and appointed Governor a second time at the beginning of King William's war. He was an ardent sympathizer in the ambitious projects of the Grand Monarch, as also in his absolutist ideas and arbitrary measures. In ability, enterprise, and vigor of character, he was superior to any other public man that either France or England sent over to America. He was eager to do his part against the subjects of King William in the English colonies, and more than any one else he threatened and endangered the existence of the colonies. Upon his departure from France for his second term of command, Louis ordered him to conquer New York, the blow to be struck at once, the English to be taken by surprise. With a thousand regulars and six hundred Canadian militia he was to march from Lake Champlain to the Hudson, capture Albany, seize all boats, and descend to the mouth of the river, where two ships of war were to join in the capture of New York, then containing about two hundred houses and four hundred fighting men. All lands in the colony, except those of Catholics, were to be granted to the French officers and soldiers. The other inhabitants were to be driven off, the nearest settlements of New England to be destroyed, and those more remote to be laid under contribution.

That scheme failed. Frontenac found on reaching Quebec that the Iroquois had visited his own province with a frightful devastation, that they had massacred two hundred of his people, as already stated, in a village close to Montreal. Not until mid-winter was he able to assume the offensive, when he sent out war-parties of French and Indians who burnt Schenectady, and spread dismay and death among the frontier towns of New Hampshire and Maine.

At this time Major CHARLES FROST was commander of the military forces of Maine. He had come in his early childhood, when three or four years old, with his parents from the west of England, and had grown up with the country among the hardy adventurers of the Piscataqua. Of those people some hewed the forests, cleared the land, and turned the wilderness into fruitful fields; some followed the fishing industry; others built ships and engaged in commerce and trade. There was work for all, and there were willing hands. A happy and prosperous condition of things existed. There is no happier work than opening up a new country. The long reaches of the Piscataqua and the indented coast of Maine, became "on many accounts the most charming part of New England," as was said of it at the time (*Magnalia ii*, 659.) For forty years the settlers lived amicably with the Indians of the region, until they were incited in King Philip's war to take part in that conspiracy for the extermination of the English people.

Charles Frost had been enrolled a soldier at sixteen years of age. Both in civil and military life he had early gained advancement. From his twenty-sixth year he had been chosen a representative to the General Court of Massachusetts for six years. He had been captain of a company in King Philip's war under Major Waldron, who was in command of the Maine troops during that war. He had shared in its hazards and seen its horrors, and won distinction as "fearless, brave and ready." He had taken part under Major Waldron in the famous strategy by which three hundred Indians were captured. The measure was a desperate one, and provoked a desperate revenge that long rankled in the savage breast.

King William's war was anticipated in America before it was formally declared

in Europe. The French in Canada and their Indian allies, under the inspiration of the Jesuit Fathers, snuffed the battle from afar, and entered upon the fray the summer before.

In the first year of King William, soon after the news of his coronation had crossed the ocean, and had been celebrated in Boston with such pageantry as was never known there before, Major Waldron was murdered by the Indians, by stealth, and with cruel torture, in his own house. Upon him, after thirteen years, the savages wreaked their full measure of revenge. At the same time they killed or carried captive fifty-two other persons.

Two months after the death of Major Waldron, Charles Frost, who had lost favor and standing under Governor Andros, was appointed Major of the Military forces of Maine. The Indians and French were now spreading desolation far and near. Many families abandoned their homes.—York, Wells, Portland, Salmon Falls, and Durham suffered the extreme horrors of savage warfare. We spare you any gruesome details. The history is of authentic record by Belknap and Williamson the historians of New Hampshire and Maine, and by Bancroft, Palfrey, Parkman, and other standard authors. Belknap writing more than a century ago from his home in the very spot where some of those atrocities had occurred, took pains to compare the published narratives and public records with old manuscripts and verbal traditions of the sufferers and their descendants. He said, "The particular incidents may be tedious to strangers, but they will be read with avidity by the posterity of those whose misfortunes and bravery were so conspicuous."

At the end of this war the number of Englishmen killed on the frontier towns of Maine and New Hampshire was more than seven hundred: and two hundred and fifty carried captive, many never to return.

Not, while the French were the most

aggressive, was the war only a defensive one on the part of the English colonies. They captured Acadia, then consisting of the eastern part of Maine and of Nova Scotia, and they planned to conquer Canada. Massachusetts fitted out a fleet against Quebec, with which New York was to join a land force. The latter failed, but the fleet reached Quebec, and in the name of King William demanded its surrender, offering terms of mercy while declaring that the French and Indian outrages upon New England might justly prompt to a severe revenge. Frontenac defiantly replied that he did not recognize King William, that the New England people were heretics, and traitors to their lawful king, James II, that they had taken up with a usurper, and made a revolution, but for which New England and France would be all one.

A siege was begun, but after reverses, and the small pox breaking out in the fleet, the enterprise was abandoned, and as the fleet sailed away Quebec was jubilant, and kindled a great bonfire in honor of Frontenac. While Boston was in humiliation and chagrin with the return of the fleet, the news went over the ocean, and elated Louis XIV, who caused a medal to be struck with the inscription:

FRANCIA IN NOVO ORBE VICTRIX  
KEBECA LIBERATA  
MDCXC

Frontenac wrote to Louis XIV: "The King has triumphed by land and by sea. Now let him crush the Parliamentarians of Boston and the English of New York, and secure the whole sea coast with the fisheries of the Grand Bank."

Later, the colonies were dismayed by rumor that a French fleet was hovering along the coast, "intending a destroying visit" upon New York and Boston. The rumor had foundation; for in the spring of 1697 a powerful squadron was under orders



to proceed to the mouth of the Penobscot, there to be joined by Indian warriors and fifteen hundred Canadian troops under Frontenac, the whole force to fall upon Boston. They had an exact knowledge of the town, with a map of the harbor, and had prepared a plan of attack. After Boston was taken, the land forces, French and Indian, were to march on Salem, and thence to the Piscataqua, the ships proceeding along the coast. The towns were to be destroyed, a portion of the plunder to be divided among the officers and men, the rest to be stowed in ships for transportation to France. Frontenac collected men, canoes, and supplies for the march across the wilderness of Canada and Maine to the Penobscot. But the fleet met with detention and contrary winds, and the enterprise came to nought.

Meanwhile wary and prowling bands of Indians continued to infest the settlements. They never fought in the open, but hid in thickets or behind logs or rocks, and were rarely seen before they did execution.

On the 15th of March, 1697, the Indian prowlers seized a young mother in Haverhill, Mass., burnt her home, dashed her babe against a tree, and carried her into captivity. While they slept one night on an island in the Merrimac, she rose upon her captors in their slumbers, tomahawked them with quick and vigorous blows, and made good her escape down the river in a canoe to her people. This is the story of Hannah Dustin, whose descendants are spread over the continent. I found one of them more than half a century ago among the hardy pioneers of Iowa.

On the 10th of June, 1697, a party of Indians were discovered near Exeter, N. H., lying in ambush, by some women and children who had gone into the woods to pick strawberries. An alarm was given, and the Indians fled after killing one person and taking another captive.

On the 4th of July following, then as this year the Lord's Day, Major Frost and two others with him fell victims to the merciless savage. It was twenty years since the stratagem by which so many Indians had been captured at the close of King Philip's war, and eight years since the Indians had killed Major Waldron. They now wreaked their full measure of revenge in killing Major Frost. He was in his sixty-fifth year. He had been active all his life in military service until he was sixty years of age, when he was again chosen one of the Governor's Council (1693). By his ceaseless vigilance, while other towns were deserted, or burnt, and their inhabitants massacred, this immediate region of the frontier upon the east bank of the Piscataqua had been preserved for the most part from savage incursions. To the last he continued to be employed in a general superintendence of military movements.

Faithful in frequenting public worship, according to the law and custom of the time, and as a magistrate enforcing that law, he attended public worship on the day mentioned, and it was afterwards remembered that he expressed a strong desire to do so that Sabbath morning. On returning home towards evening, a part of his family and some neighbors with him were fired upon by savages who lay in ambush at Ambush Rock. Some of the party in which were his two sons (Charles and John) escaped, but Major Frost and two others (Mrs. Heard and Dennis Downing) were killed, and Mr. Heard wounded.

Thus ended the life of a brave and resolute man two hundred years ago who did his part to open the wilderness to civilization, to save the infant settlements from utter extinction, and secure to after times the immunities and blessings that make the homes upon the Piscataqua among the happiest and most favored in the world. It was through such services and sacrifices that our ancestors maintained their foothold upon the continent, and that in the

course of time a nation arose, founded not upon arbitrary and irresponsible power, not upon bigotry and persecution, as represented by the Grand Monarch of France, but upon liberty and justice and the toleration of religious differences, as represented by William III.

The Ten Years of King William's War were called *Decennium Luctuosum*, a Mournful Decade, by an annualist of the period. He made a record of them "while they were fresh and new," and put a detailed account of the miseries and sufferings and cruelties into his famous *Magnalia Christi Americana*, ere they should be "lost in oblivion." That history closes with an improvement of the "Great Calamities of a War with Indian-Salvages" in a sermon at Boston Lecture, July 27, 1698. The preacher said that in the most charming part of New England, where men had sown fields along the shore for a hundred miles together, the fruitful land had been turned into barrenness, and a cluster of towns had been diminished and brought low through oppression, affliction and sorrow. He added that no part of the English had been more preyed upon at sea during these Ten Years than that which had gone out of New England. He referred to Major Waldron and Major Frost as "two of our magistrates treacherously and barbarously killed by the Indian murderers," and he honors William III as "the greatest monarch that ever sat on the British throne."

A few months after that Lecture was delivered in Boston, the foremost enemy of the English Colonies, Frontenac, died in Canada. He had been the chief agent in building up New France, and in extending over the vast region which he had aided to discover the authority and name of Louis XIV.

In the first half of the next century the standards of French authority were set up upon the Great Lakes, at Detroit, Sault St. Marie, Mackinaw, and Green Bay, and

over the Mississippi Valley at Fort Du Quesne, Vincennes, Prairie du Chien, Kaskaskia, and New Orleans. But finally those standards and the whole region (except New Orleans and the territory west of the Mississippi which fell to Spain) succumbed to British rule with the fall of Canada on the Heights of Abraham in 1759.

Meanwhile, though the English Colonies had been saved from falling into the hands of Louis XIV, other wars followed, and in the reverse of history it came about that the tables were completely turned. The subsequent royal governments of England proved oppressive to the colonies, and France, their dread and terror in the period under review, became seventy-five years later their friend and helper against a British King who was "unfit to be the ruler of a free people." And as in the course of events the United States of America took a separate and equal place among the powers of the earth, France and Holland were first and foremost to acknowledge the independence and welcome them into the family of nations.

The arbitrary rule of Louis XIV went down in ignominy and shame in his own country in the terror and retribution of the French Revolution at the close of the eighteenth century,—while the ideas and principles of William III have become more and more ascendant in the counsels of advancing civilization.

King William was the herald of the new age that discredits prerogative and "divine right," whether in church or state, and makes authority and government responsible and amenable to the Eternal Justice and to the public conscience and the deliberate judgment of mankind. He anticipated that entire freedom of religion which is the distinctive principle of our American national life. A Protestant by original conviction, and the head of a Protestant kingdom, he favored the abolition of religious tests, so that any Protestant, whether in the national church or not, might be

admitted to public employment. He was a latitudinarian. He owned different creeds and different forms of church government, while he preferred his own. It was grateful to him—England had never such a day before or since—when upon his arrival in London all religious parties joined to do him honor, and eminent nonconformist divines marched in a procession headed by the bishop of London. He said he should like the Church of England better if its rites reminded him less of the rites of the Church of Rome, and at the same time he was so considerate of the Church of Rome that Protestant zealots of the time put his charity towards Catholics to his disadvantage and reproach. It is the verdict of Hallam's Constitutional History of England, that he was "the most magnanimous and heroic character of that age. Though not exempt from errors, it is to his superiority over all her own natives that England is indebted for the preservation of her honor and liberty when the Commonwealth was never so close to shipwreck, and in danger of becoming a province to France. It must ever be an honor to the English crown that it was worn by him."

Though our ancestors suffered so severely in the Ten Years' War, they were saved from falling a prey utterly to the spoiler. They appreciated the character and honored the name of King William. The second college in the colonies was the College of William and Mary in Virginia. The name William and Mary was given to the old castle at the mouth of the Piscataqua, the King having made a present of some great guns which were mounted there. The fort retained the name for more than a century. Appropriately on that very spot, which commemorated the English Revolution of 1688, occurred the first overt act of the American Revolution nearly a century later in the capture (Dec. 13-15, 1774) of the powder and arms that were stored there, which were put to use the next year by the patriots at Lexington and Bunker Hill.

A leading public man of two hundred years ago, a President of Harvard College, said that if New England could have her ancient rights and privileges, she would make William III "the emperor of America." And so for substance and in moral effect it has come about. His principles have dominated in America even more than England. They have permeated our national character. We have moved on upon the lines of progress indicated by King William. The Declaration of Right upon which he took the throne of England in 1689 proceeded upon the same principles as our Declaration of Independence in 1776; and without the former the latter had never been. And those principles assure the further improvement of the world and better laws and better institutions of government, as the public weal may require in the midst of an advancing civilization and under new conditions of human society.

After two hundred years we behold the principles of liberty and constitutional government for which King William stood, as against the arbitrary principles for which Louis XIV stood, incorporated into the organic life of the forty-five States of the American Union, that have sprung from the feeble colonies upon the Atlantic, and that now stretch across the continent to the Pacific.

"What change! through pathless wilds no more  
The fierce and naked savage roams;  
Sweet praise along the cultured shore  
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes,"

and the songs of Liberty arise from millions and millions of a free and happy people.

Because in this transformation a creative and constructive part fell to the lot of Major CHARLES FROST, we today bring our tribute of honor and veneration to his memory. Some of his descendants remain near the ancestral home and keep

up in these ancient seats the watch-fires of Liberty and hold forth the torch of Truth. Others are scattered over the continent and enjoy the fruits of the labors and sacrifices that have brought so many inestimable blessings to our common country. Major Frost left a widow and nine children most of whom had families of their own.

His eldest son CHARLES shared in the same honors as his father in both military and civil life. The Funeral Sermon upon his death by Jeremiah Wise, M. A., Pastor of the Church of Christ in Berwick, was published. It gives him the character of "a man of great natural abilities, of a clear head, of a solid judgment, and of considerable attainments in useful learning, and so polite that his conversation was admired as pleasant and profitable by men of letters that had travelled abroad. He was a man of religion as well as justice; a devout attendant on God's public worship, and in his advanced years constant to the devotions of family-religion, not suffering himself to be diverted from it by any occurrent whatsoever."

JOHN, the 2nd son of Major Charles Frost, married Mary, the eldest daughter of William Pepperell, and sister of Sir William. They had seventeen children, of whom JOHN was the father of General JOHN FROST, who served with the Colonial troops at the reduction of Canada in 1759, and with the Continental troops at Saratoga and Burgoyne's surrender. JOHN FROST, LL.D., of Philadelphia, the learned and voluminous author, was son of General John Frost.

GEORGE, another son of John Frost and Mary Pepperell, was a member of the Continental Congress (1776-9).

SARAH, another of those seventeen children, was married to the Rev. John Blunt, of Newcastle. In addition to those of that family of the name of Blunt who served their country well was USHER PARSONS, M. D., who was a surgeon in the navy with Commodore Perry at the Battle of Lake Erie. The descendants of Major Frost are under great obligations to him for his memoir of their ancestor published in the New England Historical and Genealogical Register (1849). His Life of Sir William Pepperrell is a precious contribution to colonial history.

A complete genealogy of the descendants of Major Frost would show a widening influence of his life through successive generations of those who have perpetuated and extended far and wide the principles for which he stood "fearless and brave." As we are gathered here amid the scenes of his devoted and laborious life, and near the spot of his tragic fate, and as we recall the changes from the wilderness of two centuries ago to the magnificent inheritances the continent now affords seventy millions of our countrymen, may some divine inspiration inflame our hearts with awe and veneration for the heroic memories of the place and the occasion, and enkindle in every breast a generous zeal, a public spirit, and a religious devotion for the cause of our country and mankind, that to those who shall come after us another two hundred years

"we may bequeath the fame,  
That the grass grew behind us when we came."

THE POEM.

DR. WILLIAM HALE, GLOUCESTER, MASS.

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The Hero of Great Hill.

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Inscribed with brave good cheer to

THE ELIOT (MAINE) HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

## THE HERO OF GREAT HILL.

—oo—

"Go, sixteen hundred and ninety-seven!  
Lean from Thy heights, Thou Lord of  
Heaven!

Upon our saddened lives have heed;  
Protect us in our hour of need,  
And in Thine own good season bless  
The widow and the fatherless!"

Thus prayed the people of Kittery,  
Full of anguish and misery,  
When far and wide the news was spread,  
That Major Frost of Great Hill lay dead;  
And that the Indians once more  
With terror filled the Quampegan shore.

Never, since with his followers rash  
Searching our shores for sassafras  
Came that marauder, Martin Pring,  
Hath there happened a bloodier thing  
Between settler and settled, red and white,  
Skirmish or fray or open fight,  
In all the fair Quampegan vale  
Than that which is told in this sad tale.  
Between red man and white man nothing  
worse

Do the horrid Indian wars rehearse,  
Than that which befell one fair Lord's day  
On the banks of the proud Piscataqua.

Since our great grandsire, the Black Prince,  
Fought with the Frenchmen inch by inch,  
On Cressey, Poitiers and Agincourt,  
And other red fields "holding the fort;"  
Since the blunt days of Bunker Hill  
That make a Yankee's blood boil still;  
Since Bull Run, Shiloh, and Gettysburg,  
(How is war's hell on beach or berg);  
Since Fort Fisher and Colonel Shaw,  
Who himself enslaved in slavery's war;  
Since Barbara Frietchie and "Stonewall"  
met

To prove that heroes are living yet,  
Proud is man's proudest heritage,  
The grandest heirloom of any age.

There's a halo around a hero's name  
That puts a coronet to shame;  
There's something in a good man's face,  
However poor, that gives it grace;  
There's something in a brave man's gaze  
That all the pride of courts outweighs;  
And grander is an honest name  
Than tarnished tinsel of rank and fame;  
Just as the rose at sunset's hush,  
Puts tawdry court splendor to the blush.

Beautiful it was that summer morn,  
When in the cool of the early dawn,  
Leaving wife and babes at his cottage door,  
Whom, alas, he should see no more,  
Major Frost his stout steed bestrode,  
And, winding along the river road,  
Went to meeting, this man of war,  
In Quampegan, up the Piscataqua.  
Not as one now goes in these fair days  
Went the Major his God to praise,  
But with trusty musket and pistols true,  
A powder horn and a knife or two  
Stuck in belt and boots, and saddle-bags  
That the weight of bullets sorely sags.  
Thus, ready for fight or prayer, rode he  
At the head of a little company  
Of godly folk that no foe could make  
Their Lord and his holy house forsake.  
Braving the forest and the foe,  
As conscience bade them did they go,  
Come feast or famine, good or ill,  
The soul's deep longing by prayer to fill.

Dreary and sad that awful year:  
It was a time of want and fear.  
The famine and fighting and winter's cold  
Had made the desperate savage bold;  
As winter dragged slowly into spring  
He grew an accursed and evil thing;  
And a thousand devils seemed to lurk  
In the red man's heart and the red man's  
dirk.

Yet blithely that morning, from Sturgeon  
Creke

To old Quamphegan, his Lord to seek,  
The Major went. He often smiled,  
As if he spake to his todlin' child ;  
His face was calm as a Quaker's ; but  
Through his keen gray eyes, half shut,  
He swiftly glanced to left and right,  
As a desperate gladiator might.  
If a twig but snapped or acorn fell,  
Or a fox rushed wildly down the dell,  
He knew it, and in the saddle turned  
As if some foe-man he discerned,  
Reined in his horse, and cautious felt  
The weapons in his leathern belt ;  
While his sinewy, nervous fingers played  
With pistol-butt and with gleaming blade.

"Aye, troublous times, upon my word !"

Quoth he, turning to Mistress Heard ;

"The redskins are near, and the coppery  
thieves

Are as thick as yonder copse's leaves.

Hist ! do ye hear that whip-poor-will,  
Down there behind the old grist-mill ?

'Twas never a bird that made that note ;

It came from a skulking redskin's throat !

The valley is full of them, far and wide,  
I see their traces on every side :

There's a feeling I cannot drive away,—  
Methinks there'll be trouble here today !"

"Fie on you, Major !" the goodwife said,

"What's got into your foolish head ?

Things looked dark this spring, I know,

But the redskins have melted with the snow :  
From Quochecho to Saco's falls

On war-path red no savage calls ;

The genial summer is with us now,

Pray wipe that scowl from off thy brow !"

Upspake brave Dennis Downing then,  
First of the Major's chosen men,

Riding along at his leaders side,

With a conscious air of honest pride,—

"What think ye, good woman, are we such  
fools

That naught we learn in the redman's  
schools ?

There's never a trick that these tawnies try  
But we can knock them all sky-high !"

And the Major, leaning on saddle-bow,  
Loudly laughed, "Downing is right, I trow,  
These idle, mawkish, woman's fears  
Hardly become one of my years."

So with loud laugh and deep-lunged jest  
On to meeting they bravely pressed,  
Where the Newichawannock foaming falls,  
While the salmon strikes and the fish-hawk  
calls,

And leaps to the unbridged Piscataqua  
Through its bridal-veil of flying spray.

"You know, father," said his strapping lad  
Who rode behind, "the tawnies are mad  
Since we thrashed 'em in that wholesale  
way

On Oyster River and up Great Bay.

You remember what Noah Emery said,"  
(He went on, shaking his curly head,)

"At Goodman Shapleigh's the other night ;  
He said he heard a terrible sight

Of crackling of sticks, and sighs and groans  
And rattling as of dead men's bones,

As he went for his colt in the heater-piece ;  
All of a sudden these sounds did cease ;

Then a whistle from under the hemlock  
trees

Made all the blood in his body freeze.

'Twas witches, or injuns, or the evil one,  
For devil and redskin are as one."

"Ho, ho, my sapling !" doth the Major  
laugh,

"Are ye a man to let such chaff  
Scare ye stark mad ?" And he whistled  
his dog

That whined and sniffed by a beechen log.  
And thus the little cavalcade  
Its pious way to meeting made.

The parson was at his best that day ;  
All hearts were touched by his earnest way,  
His mellow voice with fervor shook  
As leaning o'er the sacred Book

He brought his folk from strife to cease,  
 For his theme (like ours today) was *peace*.  
 His "Peace on earth, good will to men,"  
 Was followed by many a deep "Amen"  
 From pew and aisle. And then at last,  
 The sermon ended, came the repast  
 On the church steps, or under the trees,  
 Where gathered to catch the summer breeze  
 The good folk loved to linger long  
 For story, gossip, jest and song.  
 For the church then was a Parliament,—  
 House of Lord and man together blent,—  
 Where one might tarry and hear discussed  
 All topics pertaining to mortal dust,  
 As well as those celestial themes,  
 The creatures of our bravest dreams.  
 And so it was late when the Major said  
 Good-night to the parson, and at the head  
 Of his faithful, fearless, little band  
 In clarion tones gave the command,  
 And started away on his fatal ride,  
 Nor dreamed that Death his horse sat  
     astride.  
 Now it chanced that, waiting to see them  
     pass,

A sorrowful woman sighed "Alas!"  
 And a timid maid on the edge of the crowd  
 Wrung her white hands and sobbed aloud:  
 "To look at the Major makes me afraid!  
 He looks like the Lord by Jude betrayed."  
 The Major heard and bit his lip,  
 Bowed low to all, and as his whip  
 Fell on his horse's flank, replied:  
 "The Lord is good, his mercy wide!  
 Good friends, I thank ye for your prayers;  
 But calm your minds and dismiss your  
     cares;

I fear no foe that ever fought,  
 No weapon that ever mortal wrought;  
 Who crosses my path does so indeed  
 At his peril, and had best have heed:  
 May my old musket never rust  
 Till every savage has bit the dust;  
 I'll defend my folk at any cost,  
 For my blood is *hot* though my name be  
     *cool*!"

So, striking his steed, he said "good-day,"  
 And grandly, solemnly, rode away.

As martyr might to the cruel stake,  
 Giving his life for conscience' sake.

"Ah me!" quoth the parson, "it grieves  
     me sore

That our guest goes sadly from our door;  
 I never saw him so stern and grave;  
 How piteous that last glance he gave!  
 Whether our lives pass swift or slow,  
 Heaven lies nearer than we know.  
 I hope no danger our friends have run,—  
 The Lord is gracious. His will be done.  
 May they find peace on this Sabbath Day,  
 The Lord be with them—let us pray!"

God bless the Reverend Jerry Wise!  
 Our keen, blunt Pilot of the Skies.  
 No dearer name than his shall be  
 E'er lisped by lip in Kittery;  
 Above the roaring river's falls,  
 Saintly and sweet his voice yet calls.  
 Well was he named who *wise*-ly taught  
 The soul the thorny way it sought.  
 Brave JEREMIAH WISE,—well done,  
 Servant of God! the victory's won!

How swiftly direful news is rolled!  
 How soon a tale of blood is told!  
 Scarce had the eagle, seeking rest,  
 His proud flight curved to shelt'ring nest,  
 Scarce had the heron, at 'proach of night,  
 Over the river winged its flight,  
 Sending afar its wierd lone cry,  
 As dervishes for them that die,  
 Scarce aglow were the meadows damp  
 With the firefly's incandescen lamp,  
 Scarce over the misty river bank  
 In bed of blood the sun slow sank,  
 When, as if from hell's mad sea of flame,  
 This news unto Quampegan came:  
 "The foe is upon us—all is lost!  
 The tawnies have butchered Major Frost!"  
 Then swift and sure the dread news flew,  
 Too fleet to be checked, too sad to be true,  
 How the Major's party without harm  
 Had reached the confines of his farm,  
 And with their happy homes in sight,



Each fond heart throbbed with love and  
light;

How the Major, uttering his last word,  
Said proudly, turning to Mistress Heard,  
"Praise God, good friends, we're home  
again!"

While his faithful followers cried "amen."  
When, without so much as a warning breath,  
Like hell-hounds from the jaws of death,  
The savages leaped from behind a rock,  
And gave the great leader his death-shock;  
How the Major fell with never a word,  
And Dennis Downing; but Mistress Heard,  
Mortally wounded, from pillion prone  
Fell to the earth, and with dying groan  
To her husband turning, said: "I die!  
For the children's sake leave me and fly!"

That night, before the dawn of day,  
The Major was laid in his grave away  
On this gentle knoll, where the apple-trees  
Dapple the meadow and scent the breeze.  
But not to rest, for the wily foe  
For the hated pale chief lying low,  
Snatched his body before 'twas cold,  
And bore it to the hilltop bold,  
Where in the morning light it hung,  
The ghastliest sight by sage e'er sung,  
A grewsome Christ on its cross of woe,  
Grinning grimly on the town below.

"Ho, Yengee Sachem!" the red skins  
yelled,

"Your last fight is fought, your last feast  
held!

We who Walderne of Quocheco slew,  
And Roger Plaisted, now slay Frost, too!  
The white Sagamore will kiss no more  
His *White Fawn* squaw in cabin-door;  
No more will he hunt the red man down,  
No more will he burn his wigwam brown.  
Whomever the red man hath for foes  
To his happy Hunting Groundswift goes!"  
So went the Major as martyrs go  
Straight from God's mansion here below  
To the house above, where bravely wait  
The sweet, the lowly, the truly great.

Poor Mistress Frost, bowed low with grief,  
Unto her Lord turned for relief:

"Hath a merciful Lord brought this to  
pass?

I live no longer! alas! alas!  
My days are full of misery,—  
God pity me! God pity me!  
Open, Heaven, and let me go  
To him, my all, above or below!"

To which a good woman with tear-dimmed  
eye,

Kissed the widowed one, and made reply:  
"The good Lord keep our troubled ways,  
And sanctify to our perreles days  
His dispensations that smite  
Like lightning on the cave of night."

Dark, baleful days for Kittery,  
And the Province to utmost boundary.  
Each Goodman's heart was full of fears,  
And every goodwife's full of tears.

Red skin and pale face are now as one:  
The feud's forgot, the race is run.  
No longer the stake and ambushade  
Strike terror to Christian man and maid;  
No longer the Goodman with babes and wife  
Hastes to the garrison for life;  
No longer our river the birch canoe  
Paints with its tawny, ochred crew;  
No longer the Indians our wood-ways stalk  
With cruel arrow and tomahawk;  
No more doth yon peaceful, sun-kissed hill  
Our souls with anguish and horror fill  
At sight of that stark corpse looking down,  
Ghastly and scalpless, upon the town,  
A new-world Christ on his Calvary  
Impaled for love and liberty.

No longer the savage (God he praised!)  
Is slain like the ox, his wigwam razed;  
No more the warrior by boot and spur  
Is kicked and cursed like a mongrel cur;  
No more the haughty, untamed brave  
Is led to the shambles and sold as slave,  
Th' imperious lord of creation sold  
For pale-face wampum, damned gold,  
Dragged from his home, his council fires,  
The heritage of hoary sires;  
No more the squaw, with poor pappoose,  
Is into the forest wilds turned loose,  
The trembling prey of wolf and bear,

And the screaming scavengers of the air.  
 Now, in the voice of pine and spruce,  
 The Great Spirit hath called truce.  
 Red man and white man rest side by side  
 In the Almighty's graveyard wide.  
 Now, in death's calm, untroubled sleep,  
 The Lord of all doth his brave ones keep.  
 Sleep well, great souls, and know no fear,  
 With all ye love and hold most dear;  
 Soon to the Happy Hunting Ground  
 Ye bravely go, when the trump shall sound  
 Side by side in a common bed,  
 They sleep, the white man and the red.  
 Honor and censure to both belong.  
 For each was right and each was wrong.  
 God grant their spirits in sweet release,  
 To smoke forever the pipe of peace!

We are the People of the Pine.  
 Our rugged state is a power divine;  
 An homely Yankee paradise  
 Of the bravest hearts beneath God's skies:  
 And every brave home hath its Eve,  
 And its apple, too, we may well believe.  
 Better these homely farms of ours  
 Than serf-tilled acres and lordly towers:  
 Better these free hearts stout and true,  
 That beat for the good that they can do.  
 That battle not with sword and shield,  
 But marshalled on a bloodless field.  
 Live to fulfil the Master's plan,  
 And draw man nearer unto man.

'Tis brave earth holds a hero's bones,  
 Holy his lone grave's lichened stones;  
 Sacred the dust where a brave man lies.  
 Shall we not, Sons of the White Christ, rise,  
 Rise to his height superb, and claim  
 All men as brothers. *In His Name?*  
 Knowing, whatever the skin may be,  
 The high, the lowly, the bond, the free.  
 Only that soul is white that brings  
 Blessing to others, to all souls sings.  
 Beneath its tenement of clay  
 The white soul bides that shall live for aye,  
 A spirit transfigured by faith, love, prayer,  
 To be with the White Christ joint-heir.

Here was his home by yonder hill:

His name its proud height beareth still.  
 But rather HERO'S HILL, think we,  
 The grander, prouder name would be.  
 And thus with our hero face to face,  
 We christen his hallowed resting-place.  
 Here was his dark Gethsemane,  
 And there his gory Calvary.  
 Honor to him forevermore,  
 This hero of an hero-shore!  
 This new-time Saviour; who gave  
 Himself his snffering world to save;  
 Who grandly lived, as one deified,  
 Yet lived not grander than he died.

Who gotten of love comes to earth's estate  
 Hath conception immaculate;  
 Who daily, grandly, godlike lives  
 Himself divinity truly is:  
 Who bravely for another dies  
 Is ever a Christ in angel-eyes:  
 His Master's name may he not take  
 Who gives himself for his Master's sake?  
 This vale was his black Gethsemane,  
 Yon hill his bloody Calvary;  
 Blessed be this Saviour, who died that we  
 Might henceforth saved and blessed be!

The last of that grand triumvirate,  
 Unflinching martyrs of a common fate,  
*Waldron* and *Plaisted* and *Frost*, these three,  
 The flower of New England chivalry!  
 All honor be theirs! And let us raise  
 Unto these heroes of bygone days  
 Tablet and stone and monument.  
 Nor think we, friends, our means ill-spent  
 If, in honoring the dead, ourselves we raise,  
 And our children's children to grander  
 ways.

Guard your good name at any cost,  
 Ye men who bear the name of Frost!  
 Frost, Fernald, Shapleigh, Downing,  
 Heard,—

A nugget of gold is every word!  
 Blush, town, with pride! Such names as  
 these,

Voiced by billow and bird and breeze,  
 Are a richer dower, a costlier crown,  
 Than any that kings have handed down!

They stand for homes that reach God's  
skies,  
Of happy hearts the paradise ;  
They stand for men that are brave and free,  
They stand for souls that kindly be.

Here dwelt one who with magician's wand,  
(Saintly in soul, impish in hand.)  
Harnessed the thunderbolt, and made  
It slave of every art and trade,  
As with bronzed brow and sweaty locks  
Yon farmer yokes the patient ox.

Here, gracious, loving, sweet, abode  
In *Bittersweet* beside yon road,  
One whose deep love each glad year yields  
An incense sweeter than the fields.  
Though living from the world apart,  
A port of refuge was her heart.  
And every little storm-tossed waif,  
Harbored in her great heart was safe,  
Thank God, from sin and want and shame,  
In that Home builded *In His Name*.  
Because her own lamb the Shepherd took,  
She herself assumed the Shepherd's crook.  
Of deathless memory is she  
To name whom, pausing reverently,  
"Dear MOTHER ROSEMARY!" we say,  
Then braver, better, go our way.

But still from Heaven her sweet voice calls;  
On her beloved yet gently falls  
The mantle of her love and prayer.  
As if filled with diviner air,  
There moves today among us one  
Whose mission, glorious as the sun,  
Touches with gold all hearts, and makes  
Each home a *Greenacre*; and breaks  
Devotly, in the Christ's sweet stead,  
For all who will, the Living Bread.  
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"  
The watchword of her heart and pen.  
Serene, divine, her rare philosophy:  
Serenest and diviner, she.

Today a healer with us walks,  
Companion of our thoughts, our talks,

Beloved physician, whose kindly speech  
Is more than bolus huge, or leech,  
More potent his contagious cheer  
Than physic, reaching far and near,  
Casting out devils of dismay,  
Turning fear to joy, and night to day,  
Bidding the well be glad and brave,  
The sick to triumph o'er the grave.  
Ministering alone for the sweet sake  
Of Him who Bread of Life once break,  
Now praised, now damned, as good men be,  
The weary rounds all patiently  
He faithful plods, to blame or praise  
Alike indifferent, through nights and days.  
Mindful of one whose life alone  
Seems the fair pattern for his own,  
The loved disciple in truth is he  
Of Him who healed in Galilee,  
And blessed the holy marriage feast  
With miracle, God's great High Priest,  
The lame, the halt, the blind swift healed  
By God's great love in Him revealed,  
The leper cleansed, raised widow's son,  
To say at last, "Thy will be done."  
And such the magic of his smile  
That as he jogs each dusty mile  
His wondrous epidemic spreads,  
As rainbows do, to hearts and heads,  
And jocund health his "sorrel" tags,  
And mirth drips from his saddle-bags;  
While joy spreads swift from heart to heart,  
And makes all flesh blessed by his art.

Here WHITTIER came, a grateful guest,  
To find for mind and soul sweet rest,  
And on Piscataqua's proud shore  
See the Great Spirit smile once more.  
And with him came that gentle pair  
Whose names we breathe as if in prayer,  
The sharers of his blood and fame,  
At every hearth of honored name,  
Whose beauteous home, to him oped wide,  
Was Heaven itself, personified.

Blush honest hearts with conscious pride,  
Whose sires as heroes lived and died!  
Yours is man's goodliest heritage

On hoary history's blood-stained page,—  
The dower of courage, love and light,  
Making men equal in God's sight.

Aye, blush, ye men of ELIOT,  
Whose 'scutcheon rude hath no foul blot!  
Like him whose honored name ye bear.  
Be ye, too, sober, brave and fair.  
Like that apostle Jehovah sent  
Unto the Indian, in brave content  
Do ye your days with sweetness fill,  
Working, all humbly, the Master's will.  
Broader than Eliot's, not more brave,  
Your lives shall reach beyond earth's grave.  
Press on, brave hearts, nor strivings cease!  
Beget a *Brotherhood of Peace*.  
Till over every star and world  
Love's banner fair is wide unfurled.

No less apostles here today  
We fight the fight and go our way;  
Nor will our mission ended be  
Till every land and race is free.  
Shall we, brave souls, rest here at ease  
While suffer sister-nations over seas?  
Are we content to sit at feast  
While sups that "Sick man of the East,"  
Incarnate hell, off Armenia's bones,  
And filleth as with travail-groans  
This world of ours? Nay, God forbid!  
Arise! The world from sin swift rid.  
And let us give, as heroes do,  
Not prayer alone, but powder, too.  
Our might no grander cause may seek  
Than, rising, to out-Greek the Greek,  
And help poor Hellas in her fight  
'Gainst Turkish tyranny for right.  
Our "liberty" something slavish means,  
When over seas the Philippines  
Send vainly their request for aid.  
Shall we hold back aghast, afraid?  
Nay, nay, brave freemen—God forbid!  
Not till the world of sin is rid.  
Not worthy freemen shall we be  
Until our freedom doth *Cuba* free!  
Cursed be the man that cowers and shrinks,  
And like a whipped whelp whines and  
slinks!  
Cursed be that land forever more  
That hides a tyrant on its shore!  
Hail! Freedom's first and fairest child,  
With banner white and undefiled.  
Shall we strike sail and spike the gun?  
Nay, God forbid! Not till life is done,

And every shore and soul shall be  
As we today, thank God, free, free!  
Hail, proudest land beneath the skies!  
Columbia, Freedom's paradise.

Hamlet of brave hearts! Eliot men!  
Vain were tribute of tongue or pen  
Were it not for the spirit that over broods  
Our fretful lives, our changeful moods,  
And bids us in a voice scarce heard,  
To rise above the beast and bird,  
And putting off the clogging clay  
Seek serener levels day by day,  
Like the greatest Sachem and Sagamore  
That ever dwelt on our rugged shore,  
The grandest spirit e'er forest hid,—  
The Indian prophet, St. Aspenquid.  
The good old chief, about to die,  
Gathered his people far and nigh  
To his home on Agamenticus,  
The death-feast spread, and addressed  
them thus:

"My people live at peace with all;  
Love white man! White man's God is tall.  
Bury the hatchet; from discord cease,  
With Great Spirit smoke pipe of peace."

So we, like Aspenquid of old,  
(Forgive, nor deem us overbold,  
So we stand with ye here today,  
And sing our song and go our way.  
Like ships that pass at night we be,  
Steadfastly faring o'er life's sea.  
We signal, greet, and parting cheer,  
As each barque to its course doth veer,  
"All's well! All's well! Where bound?  
Where bound?"

Till, hull-down, silence answers sound.  
So we who may not here remain,  
Nor look, perchance, dear friends, again  
Into your kindly faces, give God-speed,  
Imploring Him whose love doth heed  
Even the sparrow's fall, to let  
His light shine on us, Homeward set.  
We spread for ye the feast, and bid  
Ye welcome, like good Aspenquid.  
The death-feast this; and this fair earth  
Death's charnel-house. But lo! new birth  
Awaiteth us! Thank God, at last,  
When all is o'er, earth's poor repast  
The soul's birth-feast shall prove; and we  
Like Aspenquid, in victory  
Know the Great Spirit as He is,  
His life our life, and ours His.

Valley of brave men, heed! attend!  
Mark well these words—the tale doth end.

AT AMBUSH ROCK.  
UNVEILING OF THE TABLET.

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Historic Rocks.

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FRANCIS KEEFE, ESQ.,  
First Vice President of The Eliot Historical Society.

## HISTORIC ROCKS.

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Mr. President and Friends:

It would be strangely interesting if all the legends of Rocks could be gathered into a volume. Rocks are centres of History. Even legends become historic.

The Hebrew Jacob evidently believed in the "Testimony of the Rocks," for he used one for his pillow and saw the skies divide in his dreams. He made a rock, too, a "pillar of witness" and benediction; and he called it *Mizpah*,—a name that from him has been adopted as one of the sacred words, and is in common use to-day.

That strangely occult man, Moses,—educated among the Egyptians, familiar with the lore of an age that has hardly been excelled,—saw, pent up in a cliff at Horeb, a spring of water, to meet an intense need. For aught we know that spring pours forth its stream to-day.

Later still, in Roman history, we see Tarpeia, the vestal virgin, dazzled by the jewels of the Sabines. When told to open her father's city-gates, and promised that she should have all they wore upon their left arms, the fascinated woman unbolted the bars. Surely they kept their word. She was crushed by the weight of their shields which they heaped upon her. To this hour that rock of fate is called by her name,—the *Tarpeian Rock*, and has its pilgrims.

We wander about England and France to see the old Cromlechs of the Druids; strange, weird, vague, as if haunted by the bards and vates of that mysterious people.

We go into Westminster Abbey and sit in the Coronation Chair which has for its cushion an old boulder on which for centuries the line of Kings and Queens,—even Her Majesty, VICTORIA,—have been seated to be crowned. And we are told that it was the veritable Jacob's pillow of vision

and beauty. Whether we believe it or not, we seek the old oaken throne and sit upon the rock.

Lesser rocks have their associations. Every town has some old boulder covered with poetic fancy or stern historic fact.

Across the valley from where we stand is the rock on which the sedate and quiet people of our town used to alight from their horses at the door of the little Quaker meeting-house.

Dr. Hale, our Poet to-day, has a song of a Heart-break rock in the old Massachusetts town of Ipswich, re-telling a quaint and yet pathetic Indian legend.

Singularly enough most of these varied fancies and facts are associated with warfare, victory, massacre, terror, distress, brutality, or leaps to success in life.

In all ages, men and women have fled to Rocks for shelter; hence even a *boulder* means *strength to us*.

The old Rock at Plymouth gives strength to the soles of Pilgrim feet as they step upon its solidity.

To-day we stand beside all that remains of a once huge and really a double boulder. Behind it stood the red man, the native of the soil, whose well-aimed gun brought the stern, relentless, determined old warrior,—Major CHARLES FROST,—to the ground.

Our exercises have commemorated this Soldier and the Englishmen of his day. But, at the rock where he fell, we glance for a moment at the WILD MAN who stood behind it; the arm that pointed the gun, and brought low the sturdiest dweller of the Piscataqua.

The Indian is a study. The more we study him, the better we like him. We find in him the wonderful gifts, powers, abilities and aspirations of most veritable manhood; the qualities which seem the most revolting

and inhuman, as we review them, would—rightly evolved—have made him a noble creature.

We never cease to hear about the *spirit of revenge*, which is actually a tinge of Indian blood. It gives us the impression of the venom of cruelty and savageness. Is it so?

Revenge really is that keen sense of Justice that found its earliest breath in the mind of God. Justice is never anything but Divine. Revenge only needed to be re-channeled in the red man's brain, and it would have been a poise of peculiar quietness and thought which lets any deed work out its recompense.

Nobody took a more wholesome and true interest in the Indian than John Eliot who lived contemporaneously with M<sup>rs</sup> J<sup>r</sup> Frost. "I most desire," said Eliot, "to communicate unto the Indians in their own language." And "wee shall have sundry of them able to read and write every man for himselfe" and this "the indians do much also desire."

Eliot's books in the Algonquin tongue were printed in editions of a thousand copies.

Let us take Cotton Mather's thought of the tribes. He was a more renowned scholar than Eliot. He regarded the Indian as on the plane of tigers; and he wrote:

"Tho there were enough of the *Dog* in their temper, there can scarce be found an *R* in their language."

"Their Alphabet be short, but their Words are long enough to tire the patience of any scholar in the World."

John Eliot saw the intellect and ingeniousness of the Indian. Cotton Mather saw the dog of them, and the long words. It is just as we fix our eyeglass,—spirit or brute, angel or demon.

John Eliot thought the Indian words had the breath of the Hebrew in them. Cotton Mather found an Indian who was what we should call "mediumistic." He called him a "possessed man." Mather read to his "demon" out of the Hebrew Bible, to test

Eliot's assertion. Alas! the said "demon" could not understand a syllable of Hebrew, a sure proof, Cotton Mather said, that our Indians were in no sense allied to the "chosen people."

But we have only to read our own Piscataqua Sagamore's soulful plea for his people to get a glimpse of an Indian's heart and brain. The old Sagamore,—the last of the Piscataqua Sagamore's, went by the name of Knolles,—Hansard Knolles. How he got this English cognomen we never may know, and it matters not. But this we perceive, he was a true lover of his country and his men; and a nobleman of Nature's own moulding. When he was dying of old age, he sent for the men of our Kittery to meet him at Berwick, and his plea was:

"Through all these plantations are rights of my children. I am forced to humbly request a few acres of land to be marked out for them and recorded as a public act in the Town books, so that when I am gone they may not be perishing beggars in the pleasant places of their birth.

"A great war will shortly break out between the white men and the Indians. At first the Indians will prevail; but they will finally be rooted out and utterly destroyed!"

It was an anxious looking forth for the fate of his people,—a strangely keen intuition of the Sagamore.

Ten years before Knolles gave expression to the foregoing, the ruler and Powwow on the Merrimac, gave as "the last words of a Father,"—

"The White Men are Sons of the Morning. Sure as you light the fires, the breath of heaven will turn the flames upon you."

With the word from our old Sagamore's lips, let us turn to

### AMBUSH ROCK

behind which the red men who had seen

Knolles face to face, and who had given him the homage his position required, secreted themselves. We may wish that the wild man had withheld his gun and arrow; but we will remember this: What he did on July 4, 1697, and why he made this boulder historic, was his native relish for these hills and valleys,—the grand, deep forests and river.

Major CHARLES FROST was a man born to achieve. He recognized no impediment. He hesitated not for life or death. We honor him as a man of iron will,—and we have WRITTEN HIS NAME IN MARBLE where he fell:

Two centuries later we read the young stalwart red-faced warrior in clearer characters; and we give him, also, a place in our estimate and respect.

AMBUSH ROCK from this day will be a

more notable historic memory. We give out anew its legends to this and all other generations. It is a glory to our ELIOT; we feel the pulse of strength to be near it.

If the voice of the red man who aimed his gun at the brow of Major FROST could re-echo today, it would utter, even as we do, "God and my Native Land!"

Who knows but the red man and white man in the realms beyond, are in close affinity; and have learned to understand each other better, as we do here?

True light shall shine,  
And in the end  
Comes recompense  
For foe and friend.

And we ennobled  
By their thought,  
Grow wiser by  
What others wrought.

—o—

## Unveiling of the Tablet.

The tablet of marble inserted in Ambush Rock was covered with the American Flag. As the speaker (Mr. Keefe,) alluded to the historic spot and its memorial slab, the Flag was removed,—the

### TABLET UNVEILED

by

Master EDWARD L. FROST,  
son of Mr. Charles Frost, of Eliot,—who is a lineal descendant of the hero and martyr of 1697.

### INSCRIPTION.

—

AMBUSH ROCK.

—o—

MAJOR CHARLES FROST.

Mrs. John Heard, Dennis Downing,  
Killed by Indians on this spot

July 4, 1697.

—o—

Marked by Citizens  
of Eliot,

July 4. 1897.



## ODE.

AUGUSTINE CALDWELL.

Sung at Ambush Rock. Air,—“Auld Lang Syne.”

One noble life inspires an age.  
 One brave heart, far and strong  
 Entwines its powers; its influence sheds  
 In word and work and song.

Heroic deeds, the strength of arm,  
 Firmness of faith and zest,  
 Are atmospheres of life and health,—  
 Reveal man at his best.

Here we recall one fearless soul;  
 A steady step and sure;  
 We honor all his sturdy ways,—  
 The name, the rank he bore;

But—sword nor bayonet to lay!  
 Nor bullet, shot nor shell!  
 In clearer brain and purer light  
 Reason and Love shall tell.

Enlisted in progressive thought,  
 With Charity for all,  
 We see the noblest Truths arise,—  
 We see all Evils fall!

The plowshares of our richest soils  
 Molded from sword and gun,—  
 Head, heart and hand equipped complete  
 With LOVE—the world is won.

## BENEDICTION.

Rev. William Salter, D. D.

And now may Almighty God, who  
 brought our fathers over the sea that they  
 might reclaim the wilderness and plant  
 the homes of civilization upon these  
 shores, bless this day's commemoration of  
 their valor and piety to their children's  
 children.

Standing around the rock where Major  
 Charles Frost suffered and died, we renew  
 with one accord our devotion to the memo-  
 ry of our fathers and to the God of our  
 fathers, that He may be with us and with  
 coming generations as He was with them,  
 that glory may dwell in the land;

And may the grace of the Lord Jesus  
 Christ, and the love of God, and the com-  
 munion of the Holy Spirit be with you all.

Amen.

—o—

The Exercises of the 200th Anniversary  
 of the Massacre of Major CHARLES  
 FROST were ended. As the assembly  
 slowly drifted from the Rock, groups of  
 interested descendants visited the quaint  
 slab that covers the Hero's dust, and read:

Here lyeth interred ye body  
 of mj Charles Frost aged  
 65 years Decd July ye 4th  
 1 6 9 7

## NICHOLAS FROST AND HIS FAMILY AT STURGEON CREEK.

ELIZABETH MEHITABLE BARTLETT.

A Paper Prepared at the request of the Eliot Historical Society.

As we meet to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the tragic death of Major Charles Frost, it is fitting that we review the varied achievements of his life, and the history of his father's settlement in the Province of Mayne.

Nicholas Frost, the father of Major Charles Frost, came from the town of Tiverton, in Devonshire, England, where he was born about 1585. His father's name was John, and his mother's name was Anna Hamden; and he was one of six children, four of whom were boys.

Nicholas married Bertha Cadwalla from Tavistock, in January, 1630, when he was forty-five years old. His bride was only twenty.

It is believed that Nicholas and his wife and two sons, Charles (born July 30, 1631,) and John (born August 7, 1633,) sailed from Plimouth, Devon, in April, 1634, in ye shipp Wulfrana, Alewin Wellborn, master, and arrived at Little Harbor in June of yt year.

It is said that the bill of lading of his goods is among old papers in the ancient Pepperell house at Kittery Point.

That Nicholas Frost was in this locality in 1634 or 1635, we know by a deposition of Phillip Swadden, who lived in a wigwam near the Pascataquacke River. His deposition taken in 1673, says that "thirty-eight or thirty-nine years since, living then at pishchataqua, I do positively knew yt Mr. Thomas Wannerton gave to Nicholas Frost a Prcell of Land up in Piscataqua River, now known by the name of Kittery, which pcell of Land was bounded, on the East with a little Cove, Joyneing to the Fort Poynt, on the South West on the River, on the North West Northerly with a great

stumpe called the Mantill-tree stumpe; which is about the middle of the Lane, wch Joynes to ye Land which Major Nicholas Shapleigh now possesseth, & soe running into ye woods, as fare backe as the sayd Wannerton's Land went, which Tract of Land Mr. Thomas Wannerton gave to the sayd Nicholas Frost to come to bee his Neighbor."

Capt. Thomas Wannerton had charge of Mason and Gorges trading station in 1633, and lived in the Great House at Strawberry Bank until 1644.

Nicholas Frost and his family seem to have tarried in that vicinity for a time, as his daughter Anna was born at Little Harbor, April 17, 1635.

Afterwards, it is said, Nicholas purchased four hundred acres of land on the North East side of Piscataqua river, and on that land built a small rude log house for his family.

He began to lay the foundation of one of our town roads: for we find that in 1637, "Mr. Alexander Shapleigh & Mr. James Treworgie did agree with the neighbors dwelling at and about Sturgeon Creek, that there should be alwayes a highway from Nicholas frosts house down to Sturgeon Creek, and soe along to the ceaders " This was done because the "said ffrost desired of sd Shapleigh a way to be left from the sd creek to his house."

In 1640 Nicholas Frost was appointed constable at Piscataqua, by the first General Court held in Saco by the Councillors of Sir Ferdinando Gorges.

In 1640, it is said, Nicholas built a large two-story house of square hewn logs, that was known as the ffrost's Garrison.

The York Deeds contain a record dated

May, 1633, which says "when the marsh was divided, Mr. Alexander Shapleigh did find that Nicholas Frost had too little marsh for his stock of cattle, and therefore did freely give him the five acres of marsh allotted to him, the said Alexander Shapleigh."

A question seems to have arisen several years later, about the boundary line between Mr. Alexander Shapleigh and Nicholas Frost; for John White, a former servant of Shapleigh, testified in 1662, that he knew the bounds at Sturgeon Cricke meddow that were set down by Mr. Taynter, between Mr. Alexander Shapleigh and Nicholas Frost, about 22 years since, and that to his best discerning the said bounds still remain.

It is said that Nicholas Frost's two brothers came to New England about 1640. One brother, John, owned and commanded a merchant or trading vessel, the *Anna of Devon*, and he came over from England, bringing with him a younger brother, Charles, and an old friend of the family, Thomas Belcher.

After some years Charles returned to England. He is said to have presented a Bible to his nephew, Charles Frost, son of Nicholas. A family Bible printed in 1599, is now in possession of William S. Frost of Allston, Mass.

Thomas Belcher remained with the family of Nicholas, and died in 1632. Possibly it was Belcher's grandson who made a will in 1730, in which he gives all his property to Mr. Charles Frost, a grandson of Major Charles Frost. John Belcher, Joyner, formerly of Boston, gives these reasons for making Charles Frost his heir: "Whereas I the said John Belcher, have lived at the house of Mr. Charles Frost in Kittery, near about forty years, and have been comfortably supported and provided for, no Relations or other Persons whatsoever having done anything for my help or comfort at any time since I have lived in the Eastern parts, but ye said Charles Frost

and his father and Grandfather, and now in my old age and helpless condition, I am comfortably supported and provided for with convenient food and raiment and other necessaryes of life, by ye said Charles Frost."

This John Belcher, it is said, used to raise onion seeds to sell to the neighbors; and he always used a cocoanut shell to measure the seeds in. After his death there was great search made for his money, which was supposed to be hidden under a stone. Even after the old Garrison was pulled down, thirty years later, the foundation stones were dug around and overturned again and again, in vain attempts to discover the treasure.

When Charles Frost was fifteen years old, he accidentally killed a companion, Warwick Heard,—March 24, 1646. His story of the affair is in the Court Records of that time:

"Charles Frost sayeth that he being about his father's door, looking into the marsh, saw three geese light in the marsh, as he thought, by a little puddle of water; and he taking a piece ran down into the marsh to get a shot at them: and he coming there crept along on his belly. Warwick Heard seeing the same three geese light, and being crept into the bush and long grass before him, he not knowing him to be there, and it being after sunset,—Warwick Heard being upon his knees ready to give fire, and the wind blowing the skirts of his jacket abroad, Charles Frost lifting up his head, as he was creeping, thought it to be a goose picking herself, presently gave fire, and so shot him."

He was taken before the Coroner's Jury, who gave their verdict that Charles Frost was not guilty of wilfull murder of Warwick Heard; and the higher Court confirmed the verdict and discharged Charles Frost.

In 1649, Nicholas Frost with Capt.

Nicho: Shapleigh and John Heard, served as "ye select Townsman" in the newly incorporated town of Kittery. They were the first selectmen elected in Kittery. Again in 1651 we find him serving in the same capacity with Nicho: Shapleigh and Anthony Emery,—who was the first Emery at Sturgeon Creek.

It is a family tradition that Nicholas Frost's wife Bertha, and daughter Anna, were captured by the Indians on the night of July 4, 1650, and carried to an Indian camp near the mouth of Sturgeon Creek, during the absence of Nicholas and his son Charles. On their return from York, Nicholas and Charles went to the rescue of mother and daughter, but were unsuccessful; Charles, however, killed two Indians, (a Chief and a Brave,) in his desperation. Calling a few of the other settlers, Charles and his father went back to the Indian camp next day but found it deserted, excepting for the mangled bodies of Bertha and Anna, which they brought up and buried near the old Garrison.

Kittery, in 1651, granted to Nicholas Frost 340 acres of land, "joining on the west to Anthony Emery's land, and on ye east side of ye land with a brook which runs into Agmenticus river, and on ye south to ye end of ye plains." Twenty acres more were granted to him in 1653.

Both Nicholas Frost and his son Charles signed the papers of "Submission to the government of the Massachusetts Bay in New England," in 1652. On this occasion Nicholas Frost's mark was unusually bold. He combined N. F. in a simple monogram as his usual mark.

Charles Frost was about twenty-one years old at this time; and the town of Kittery granted to him, December 16, 1652, one hundred acres of land "at Tompson's point, of twenty-four Poles wide, & so running backward the same breadth over the Rocky Hills untill ye sd one hundred acres be accomplished." Twelve years later he sold one half of this land to the Oliver

brothers, who were fishermen at the Isles of Shoals.

During the year of his majority, Charles Frost was interested with others in planning a Meeting House, said to be the one in the Parish of Unity, in which he attended service for the last time on that fatal July day. This will be seen by the following copy of an old paper:

"By this Courte & Authoritee Therooff: Holden ye fourth daye of Maye, 1652, Att ye place called Franks Forte, For ye chusing off ye fittest men for ye selection a Lott, & Building thereon a Meeting House. Itt is ordered—that Charles Frost, James Neal James Emery, Wm. Chadbourne, Icho: Plaisted, John Heard, Have ye athoritee to selecte a Lott yett undisposed & Build thereon a Meeting House as they shalle judge meete for ye goode of ye Inhabitants.

"It is ordered—That ye Meeting House shall be builded forthwith, Thirtie by fourtie foote & ye Timbers shalle be cutt, if yt can be found sutible. from ye Lott.

Itt is ordered—That when ye Courte have agreed upon ye sum of Monye to bee Levied upon ye sevrall people within this Jurisdiction ytt a Comittee bee chusen to sett & apoynt W'ch shall bee ye proposition of every Man to Paye of ye sd Levye.—John Wincoll, Sec'y."

In 1657 several of the inhabitants of the townes of Yorke, Kittery, Wells, Sacoe and Cape Porpus, sent a petition to Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of Eng. praying to be continued under the government of Massachusetts "which through God's mercy wee now Injoy to o'r good satisfaction." Nicholas Frost and his son Charles both sign this petition. The reasons for sending this petition are stated as follows:

"Because wee feare ye hurtfullnesse of our changes, as o'r govermt now is, our prsons & Estate stand undr ye securitie of wholesome Lawes, watchfull Governors, ye fathers of our nourishment and peace, whose joyous care not only tollerates but maintaines us ye pure Institutions, for ye

pure Institutions, for ye Incouragemt of godly psons both Ministrs and othrs, to reside amongst us, but changing it, may throw us back into our former Estate to live under negligent masters, ye dangr of a confused Annarchy, & such other inconveniences as may make us a fitt shelter for ye worst men, delinquents & ill affected psons to make their recourse unto, thereby to exempt themselves from their justly deserved punishment."

Charles Frost was a representative to the General Court of Massachusetts in 1658, and held the office for five years. The same year that he was elected, the General Court appointed his father, Nicholas Frost, with Nicho: Shapleigh & Bryan Pendleton "to pitch & lay out the deviding lyne betweene the townes of Yorke and Wells.

Nicholas Frost died July 20th, 1663, and was buried within the stockade of the old Garri-on. The Court divided his property among his five children. Charles was given a double share "for his former care and trouble" of his father; and the homestead and five hundred acres of land fell to his share. It included the great hill now known as Frost's Hill, and a portion of this land has remained in the family.

The inventory of Nicholas Frost's estate includes 1042 acres of land, 27 head of cattle, 19 hogs, 4 horses, and one servant boy, 7 1-4 years old; stores of grain, farming implements, tools, and house furnishings. Charles Frost was administrator, and his bond was £1000.

Charles Frost's brothers were John; and Nicholas who was about sixteen years old when his father died. His sisters were Catherine, who married William Leighton, and after his death married Joseph Hammond, Register of Deeds and Judge of Probate; and Elizabeth who married William Gowine, alias Smyth.

After the death of his father, Nicholas chose his brother Charles to be his guardian, "untill he come to twenty one years of age: so alsoe of his portion, amounting

to ye valew of one hundred pounds; thyrtty pounds wrof is in Lands, & tenn pounds he already hath received by accept of schooeling, cloathing & otherwise."

Charles gives a bond of two hundred pounds, and agrees "to pay or cause to be payd in due pportion after the rate of six ponnnds p hundren, yearly, & yeare by yeare, for the Intrest of ye sum of sixty pounds, unto my sd brother Nicholas, in merchandable dry Codd fish, or provissions at Current prices, at or before the last day of Octobr. yearly, being about four yeares and six months from the date thereof. He also agrees to re-deliver the possession of the Lands and the sixty pounds to his brother Nicholas when he becomes of age. Charles Frost signed this bond the 5 day of March, 1663-4.

I find an indenture, dated 25th of March, 1662, "City of Bristol," and witnessed by the Mayor, by which one Nicholas Frost binds himself to Thomas Orchard "from the day of the date herof, untill his first and next arival at New England, & after, for & during the term of five years to serve in such service & employmt as hee the sd Thomas Orchard, or his assigns shall there employ him according to the custome of the Country In the like kind. In consideration wrof the said Thomas doth hereby covenant & grant to & with the sd Nicholas to pay for his passage, to find & allow him meat, driuk, apparell, & Lodging, with other necessarys, dureing said term." At the end "to pay according to the custome of the country."

In July 1663, Thomas Orchard assigns Nicho: Frost over to serve William Seadlocke for four years. Seadlocke lived on the west side of Sacoe River near its mouth.

Seadlocke, with the consent of Nicholas Frost, assigned him to Francis Littlefejd the Elder, who lived in Wells, next to Joseph Bolles, and was a "Planter," or "husbandman;" and was part owner in a

saw mill and corne mill at Webhanett falls. Littlefeild had an apprentice at the same time, who was to serve for eight years, receiving board and clothes, and at the end of his term to have "two sujts of apparell & a mayre cowlit."

It has been said that this Nicholas Frost was Charles Frost's younger brother.—Dates and other facts contradict it.

There is a tradition that the young Nicholas of our story made several voyages to and from England and America with his uncle, Capt. John Frost, on the *Anna of Devon*, and when Capt. John became feeble, he gave Nicholas an interest in, and the command of his vessel. He continued his voyages until his death. We find this copy of his last letter to his brother Charles Frost:

From Patoxon in Mary Land

April: 28: 1673:

Loneing brother Charles:

My kind loue to you & your wife & little ones: trusting in almighty these lynes will find you in health, as I my selfe am at present, & have been ever since my departure from you, thankes bee to god, for his presrvng mercy therein; I have sent you foure letters before thi, & could not as yet understand whither you have any one of them. I doe wonder at it. I was doubtfull you had all bee dead, or your Rivers frozen up, that you could not come \* \* \* put a letter on board wu soe many opportunities have psented, or yt you had forgotten m. I have sent you by Christopher Addams, two Rowls of Toba: weighing about sixty pounds, weh If come to your hands, I pray you disposs of for money. I did send you some by Mr. Be - ter, & thought to have sent more, but have other wise ordered It. Wee are ready to sayle & have been Laden this 10: days, but our Merchant hath not finished his bussiness; Wee are informed of some dutch Privaters yt are upon this Cost: I wis they may not

Cause us to goe to some port Contrary to our orders.

I pray you present my scervice to Mr. Vaughan, & my love to all my relations as well in Boston as with you: soe hoping to see you in due tyme, I committ you to ye protection of god, & remajne your loue-brother till death.

I doe request you in case of Mortality, that I never return home, that all you have in your hands as Well Lands as other estate, bee devided aequally between yor children & brother Leightons, when of age, weh is desired by your bro'r,

NICHOLAS FROST.

That same year,—August 1, 1673,—Nicholas died in Limrick, Ireland, but his property was divided by the Court equally between his two brothers and sisters.

Mr. Vaughan, mentioned in the letter, was son-in-law to Mr. Robert Eliot; and the relatives in Boston were probably his brother John's family. John Frost, "marinor of Boston," was dead in 1687. His widow's name was Mary, and his children were Charles, Mehitable, Elizabeth and Mary. Mary Frost, widow of "Capt. John Frost, late of Boston, in ye county of Suffolk, Marinor," sold 340 acres of land in Kittery, in 1705; and the land is described as being that granted to Nicholas Frost, father of the sd John Frost, by the selectmen of Kittery, in 1651, and a small lot granted in 1653.

Other Frost families had settled in this section early. We find George Frost in Cascoe in 1637.

John Frost, fisherman, of the Isles of Shoals, was the son of John who owned land at Bricksome; and sold a tract of land in York near the harbor's mouth in 1674; in 1678 he was dead, leaving a widow Rose Frost, and daughter Annas Maxell, and two sons, Phillip and John of the Isles of Shoals.

William Frost was at Winter Harbor 1675.

In 1675,—two years after the death of Nicholas Frost, jr., and twelve years after Nicholas Frost, senior, died, we find a Nicholas Frost at Kittery, buying 100 acres of land of Abra: Conley, and 60 acres of John Criford. The 60 acres he sold at once to George Broughton; and the deed of sale shows the mark of Nicholas Frost and his wife Mary. And his mark is very unlike the mark of our Nicholas Frost. His wife Mary was twenty-one years of age; and was the sister of Edward Smale. This may have been the Nicholas Frost who was tried for theft at the Court held in Yorke in 1690, and who brought disgrace on his name at many other times.

At the Point of Graves in Portsmouth, is a stone bearing the name of Elizabeth Frost, and the date 1696.

A few years after the death of his father, Charles Frost was appointed Captain of the militia in Kittery. The date of his appointment was July 6, 1668.

In 1669, he was one of the three Representatives from Yorkshire to the General Court held in Boston.

In 1671 he was Town Clerk of Kittery.

In 1672, we find Capt. Charles buying ten acres of salt marsh of Joseph Bolles of Wells, who was the Town Clerk and a prominent man; and three years later.—Dec. 27, 1675,—he married Joseph Bolles' daughter Mary. At the time of his marriage Charles was forty-four years old and Mary Bolles was thirty-three.

In 1675 King Philip's war began; and Capt. Charles Frost had charge of the garrisons at Sturgeon Creek. The Indians attacked Durham, Newichewanack and Salmon Falls, and several of the settlers were killed in each place; among them Capt. Frost's lieutenant, Roger Plaisted.

Capt. Frost in the following letter received permission to garrison his house:

Capt. Frost and Sergeant Neall,

Gentlemen: I thought to have meet

with you here at maior Shaply's but understanding the guns were herd about Star-geon Creek, it is well you tooke your march as you did—my dasier and order is that you garrison your owne house with ten men, and doe your beste now the snow is upon the grond, which will be Advantage upon ther tracks. Your letter I reseved about garrisoning your house. We have a party of men upon your side, commanded by goodman banmore; and John Wingut and Joseph Fild are going out this night: and in case you want men, goe to the garrison above, and especially Samon faull, and take men for any expedition: and all the comandars of the garrisons are hereby required to Atand your order herein, and this shall be your suficaut warrent.

dated this 8 number, 1675, about 3 o'clock.

Your Servant, RICHARD WALDRON

Sergent maior

I intend god willing to be at nachwanack to morrow moining, therfor would dasier to her from you.

R: W:

It was in September of the next year, 1676, that Major Waldron and Capt. Frost received orders to kill all hostile Indians. Two companies were sent from Boston with the same orders; and they came to Dover on their way to Maine. There they found four hundred Indians assembled at the garrison of Maj. Waldron, with whom they had made peace at the death of King Philip, one month before. The Boston companies were for attacking them at once; but Waldron wanted to take them by stratagem. He proposed to the Indians to have a sham fight; and then he sent orders for Captain Frost to bring his company from Piscataqua. Waldron and Frost with their men, and the troops from Boston formed one party; and the unsuspecting Indians another. The Indians were induced to fire the first volley, when the whites surrounded and disarmed them, and took them all prisoners. Those who were known to be friendly they dismissed. About three hundred strange In-



dians from the south and west were sent to Boston; seven or eight of these were known to be murderers, and they were hanged. The rest were sold in to foreign slavery!

Two days after this "base Yankee trick," as the Indians rightly called it, Capt. Frost and his men proceeded to Ossipee. Trustrum Harris was one of the company. On the way he told Francis Smale that in case he should fall by the hand of the enemy, or howsoever his end should come, he intended his estate for the children of Captain Frost's sister Elisabeth, who married William Gowen alias Smyth. He told the same to John Tomson, another member of the company. Shortly after this Harris was killed by the Indians, and his property divided among the Gowen-Smyth children.

In 1677, Waldron and Frost with 150 men, sailed from Boston to Brunswick and the mouth of the Kennebec. They held parley with the Indians in both places, and rescued three captives. They killed Indians and captured five; and returned to Boston without losing a man.

To appreciate the duties devolving on Capt. Frost at this time, we must read the following instructions from the Major General, Daniel Denison, of Ipswich, Mass.,

April 12, 1677:

Instructions for Capt. Charles Frost:

You must take notice that the party of soldiers now sent you are designed chiefly for the defense of Yorkshire & the dwellings on the upper parts of Pascataway. You are therefore, principally so to improve them, by your constant marches about the borders of Wells, Yorke, Nochiwannick, Cocheco, Exeter, Haveril, &c., as you shall have intelligence of the enemies' motion, whom you are upon every opportunity without delay to pursue & endeavor to take Captive, kill and destroy.

Having notice of any partie of the enemy at any fishing place or other rendezvous, you shall lay hold on such opportunity to assault the enemy.

If you shall understand the enemy to be too numerous for your small partie, you shall advise with Major Walderne, and desire his assistance to furnish you with a greater force for a present service, but if you judge the opportunity or advantage may be lost by such delay, you shall for a present service require the inhabitants or garrison souldiers of the place where you are, or so many as may be necessary for you & safe for the place, immediately to attend you upon such present service for destroying the enemy.

In all your motions & marches, silence and speed will be your advantage & security.

You must supply your present wants of victuals & ammunition for your souldiers out of the townes and places where you come, especially from Portsmouth, to whom I have writt for that end, & if a larger supply be wanting, you shall give notice thereof to myself or the Governour & Council.

The necessity & distress of those parts, & confidence of your courage & industry, doe require your utmost activity in the management of this business, without spending needelese expensive delays. Up and be doing; & the Lord prosper your endeavors.

You shall from time to time give intelligence of all occurrences of moment, to Major Walderne and my selfe, and as much as may be without prejudice of the service, advise with Major Walderne and the Gentlemen of Portsmouth, upon whom you must principally depend for your present supplies. —

In 1678, Charles Frost represented Maine in the General Court at Boston. While attending faithfully to his military and political duties, he still found time to attend to his own affairs, and sold land, and often served as appraiser of property, or to settle estates. On one occasion he was chosen with John Wincoll, James Emery and William Gowen alias Smyth, to settle a "con-



troversy usually arising between William Furbush and Mary Forgisson, touching the dividing lyne of thejr home Lotts."

In 1683, Charles Frost, Francis Champornow and Francis Hooke, settled an estate in Saco.

In 1665, Charles Frost was appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts, one of President Danforth's Council of the Province of Maine, for a term of six years. These Councillors were also the Judges of a Supreme Court, and Magistrates throughout the province.

The Indian War known as King William's broke out in 1689, and Capt. Charles Frost was appointed the Commander-in-Chief of the military forces of Maine. The date of his commission is August 23, 1689.

From this time Major Frost was actively engaged in military service. Knowing that his life was in peril at all times, he made his will in 1691, in which he disposed of his large estate to his wife and children:—Mary, Charles, John, Nicholas, Sarah Shipway, Abigail Fryer, Lidia, Elizabeth, and Mehitable.

His three negroes, "Tony," "Esq.," and "Prince," he gave to his three sons.

The next year, 1692, the Indians led by Canadian Frenchmen, descended on York, and killed and carried captive over one hundred and fifty of the settlers, and burned nearly all the houses. Doubtless Sturgeon Creek would have had a like visitation, had not Major Frost kept his soldiers constantly on the alert, watching for the approach of Indian spies. Even then, some of our settlers were killed, perhaps when the Major had gone with his soldiers to the relief of other settlements. We quote the following from a letter written by Ichabod Plais'ed, and dated June 9, 1693:

"Last night we had four persons carried away from the garrison by the Indians, and one wounded. The place was at Sturgeon Creek. And those carried away were Nicholas Frost's wife and two children and the

widow Smith."

It would seem that Nicholas Frost, jr., had no wife, from the fact that he wanted his property divided between the children of his brother, Major Charles, and the children of his sister, Catharine Leighton, as he requested in the letter written shortly before he died. Therefore this captive may have been the wife of the stranger Nicholas who bought land at Sturgeon Creek in 1675. Major Charles' youngest son, Nicholas, was a mere child at this time, as his eldest brother Charles was born in 1678, and his brother John and one of his sisters were older than Nicholas.

Major Frost's daughter Mary was married in 1694 to Capt. John Hill, who was then in command of Fort Mary, at Winter Harbor, or Saco. He previously had charge of the building of the Fort, which he named in honor of Mary Frost.

In 1694, Major Frost built a saw mill with James Emery, jr., and Noah Emery, on York pond brook,—on the land of James Emery, senior.

Major Frost was elected a member of the Governor's Council, in 1693; and from 1680 to the time of his death in 1697, (with the possible exceptions of 1687-88,) we find records of his frequent work as a Justice of the Peace.

From 1689 we find him with his associate Justices, four times each year holding "His Majesties Court of Quarter Sessions," at York and Wells. Some of the business brought before this Court, is of interest to us, when we remember that it occupied Major Frost's mind: At the October session in 1691:

"It is ordered that there be a Day of publick thanksgiving kept on the 5th Day of November next, & all servile worke on that Day is hereby prohibited."

"Days of Sollemn fasting and prayer," were also appointed.

In 1692, the Court ordered a ferry to be kept by John Woodman from Withers point to Strawberry banke, and he was to keep a

sufficient boate or Gundelo for horse and man.

In October, 1696, the Court ordered a bridge to be built within six weeks over Sturgeon Creek.

A letter written from fforte Loyall, Falmouth, in September, 1696, states that "Major Swaine with Major ffrost & Major Swaines Life Gard, came to this Towne, 23th of this Instant, whare the 2 Comanders had a very Loving Corrispondency to Geather, & Conference to order matters for the defence of the Country."

Honoored Charles Frost was present at the January and April Sessions of Court, 1697, presiding with his associate Justices. Then his name drops from the records.

He met his death Sunday, July 4, 1697. He was returning from the Meeting House in the Parish of Unity, where he had attended service with his two sons and several neighbors. Within a mile of his Garrison House, the party were fired upon by Indians who had made an ambush near the great Rock by the roadside.

Major Frost was killed. His sons Charles and John escaped.

Dennis Downing, the blacksmith, was killed.

The wite of John Heard was mortally wounded. Her husband tried to put her on the horse; but she fell, and begged him to leave her and save their children at home. The savages chased him and shot his horse which fell under him when near his Garrison. He ran to its shelter and escaped his pursuers.

The letter written by Joseph Storer of Wells to Capt. John Hill gives an account of the death of Major Frost, and the funeral which he attended.

The night following the burial, the Indians opened the grave, took the body and carried it to the top of Frost's Hill, suspended it on a stake,—piercing the body. The place where this savage act was committed, was the highest point, where the

fence now crosses the western side of the hill. Elderly people remember a very large old pine tree, which stood just across the fence, near the supposed spot. Early the next morning the Indians were heard making most hideous noises on the hill. Charles, (then about nineteen years old,) went out to ascertain the cause, and discovered that the body had been disinterred. A few men hastily gotten together recovered it, and a guard was kept over the grave until a large flat stone was laid upon it. The Indians feared this was a trap for them, and troubled it no more.

Tradition says the stone was brought from York woods some years before on a dragg; and was intended to be used as a door step at the old Garrison. It was nearly twice its present size, being a flat irregular stone of a peculiar formation. Some years after the Major's death, the stone was cut into its present shape, and lettered by a Welchman from Portsmouth:

HERE lyeth Interred ye body  
of mj. Charles Frost aged  
65 years Decd July ye 4th  
1 6 9 7

A line is cut around the stone, and in each corner is a clearly chiseled fleur de lis. Near by is the gravestone of the Major's grandson, Eliot Frost, and other members of the family. And all about are unmarked and unknown graves.

The site of the old Garrison can still be seen quite a little distance down the hill from the burying ground. Crossing the highway, we go down into the middle of a field, where the land slopes abruptly to the marsh. On this spot stood the old Garrison House, which was razed to the ground in 1760, after standing one hundred and twenty years. The old cellar was then used as a dumping ground for all loose materials about the field. A great many years later, this field was plowed; and much to the surprise of all, there came up a beautiful

crop of tobacco all around the edge of the old cellar. Wild parsnips used to grow there; and every spring an old asparagus root sends up its shoots close by. Whose hand planted it we may not know.

This part of the field was plowed again several years later, and a spoon was found where the garrison stood. It has a mark in the bowl, and on the mark are three tiny spoons, with the word *Dovele* above. The handle is straight with an ornamented end.

A gold ring was found there about the same time. It has a round raised piece on the back; and on it is a heart with a crown above it, and the letter L at one side.

Another relic found there, is the side of a bottle with the name, "Sir William Pepperell" blown into the glass. Maj. Frost's son John married Sir William Pepperell's sister Mary. His son Charles married Jane Eliot Pepperell, a sister-in-law of Sir William. The Major's grandson Charles, married Sarah Pepperell, a niece of Sir William. It does not seem strange, therefore, that the glass relic was found there.

Major Charles Frost's son Charles dated his will the 24 day of September in the Eleventh Year of his Majts Reign, anno Dom 1724,—a document so complete that it is almost a biography of himself,—and, among other silver treasures, he Gave the Church in Berwick "My Small Silver Tankerd."

The old Garrison house was vacated in 1756, when the Frost family then living in it, moved into a new house near the burying ground. That house, too, has disappeared. Generation after generation of the Frosts have gone to their long home; but "the little brook by Nicholas Frost's house," still runs on its way through the marshes, as it did on that sad Sunday evening,—July 4, 1697.

## NICHOLAS FROST'S ESTATE.

NATHAN GOOLD.

An inventory of the goods, lands, Cattle & chattles with yr appurtenances, given p. Nicholas Frost late of Kittery, deseased, unto his Children, as by his deeds of gyft, bearing date ye 12th day of Sept. 1650:

Imps his wearing apyarell	15 06 00
A homestall of dwelling house,	
barne & other out houses, orchards	
Cornfields, meddows & Pastures	
adjoining, Contayneing in all	
300 acres more or less att	205
A former grant of Land of three	
hundred acers frome ye proprie-	
tors agent, Joyneing to his home	
land, viddzt. Mr. Roger Gard	18
The long Marsh, by estimate Tenn	
acers, & the grants of Land be-	
longing to itt, Three hundred	
acers more or less	60
Two acers & an halfe of sault	
Marsh In York bounds	5
The house & Land at Kittery,	
Joyneing to Willia. Leighton, by	
estimation 30 acers	20
A grant of one hundred acers of	
Land on the South side of	
Sturgeon Cricke	10
One hodged of Wheate one Hodged	
of Mault	3
7 acers & 1-2 sorred with Inglish	
grasse	15
Pease and oates at Kittery	1 16 00
Indean Corne & fruites on ye ground	6
Corne & oates up in ye Chamber	1
Hay at home & Abroad	16
6 Oxen att	44
7 Cows att	32
Horses and Mayres in ye Woods	
one ould Mayre att	10
one Mayre Cowlt at two years 1-2	
ould	10
1 Horse 2 years 1-2 ould	7
one Cowlt of one yeare & 1-2 ould	6

[over]

491 11 00

## Cattle in the Woods

One Cowe 1 Heffer one Calfe	9
3 Heffers 3 Stears 1 bull	18
one steare 1 bull 3 yeares 1-2 ould	10
one Steare of 4 yeares ould	7
An ould Ox att	7
11 ould swine att	12
2 Sows	2 05 00
Three shoatts and 3 piggs	2
Two ould Carts, one peyre wheels	
1 slead, Copp Irons & roape, att	2
Three plows & ould Hodgeds	1
3 yoakes, 3 chaynes, 1 wheelbarrow	1 10 00
1 Tymber Chasse, 1 harrow & lumber	2 1 00
3 beetles, 5 Wedges, 1 ould Hatchett & five axes at	00 7 00
3 Hows, 2 Spades, one Shovell	11
1 Iron Crow, 5 forke tynes, ould Rakes	14
1 Dungforke, 1 Cross cutt saw,	
1 mattacke, 2 playnes att	10 06

## In the Kitchen

one muskett, 1 fowling piece & rest	2 00 00
2 Iron potts, 1 Iron Kettle,	
2 pott hookes att	4 6 00
3 brass Kettles, skellet & 1 bayson att	3 15 00
Two andirons, one Tramell & one peyr of Tonges	10
one frying pann, 1 grid iron,	
1 spitt, 1 flesh forke	8
3 Tynn pudding pannels, 11 Wooden trays, Laddles, 1 scemmer,	
one Lampe, all att	9
1 wooden mortar & pestell, 3 payles	5
1 Curry Come, 12 Trenchers & lumber	8

## Working Towles

1 mortessing axe, 2 adges	07 06
3 mayson's Hamers att	7 6
4 augers, 3 Chissells, 3 Gowges,	
one square all att	8
	<hr/>
	10 4 00
2 files, one Wrest, 1 Hamer, one fore playne all att	3 00

## In the Inner Chamber

1 bedsteade, 1 feather bedd & bowlster, 2 pillows, one blankett	
1 peyr sheets, 1 Rugg & 1 Coverlidd	9 11 00
One Trundle bedstead & feather bedd & feather bowlster & pillow	5
1 peyre sheetes, 1 blankett & Rugg	1
1 Chest, 1 ould blankett and 4 yds of blanketting	1 11 00
Two blanketts and Thread	14
A remnant of Canvice	1
1 Chest, 2 ould Chests	13
1 peyer of Compasses, 1 peyer of sheers, 1 Hammer	7 06
1 Table, 1 frame, 1 Chayre	5
5 pewter dishes and 10 small peeces of pewter all att	15 00
9 pewter spones, 3 Oceamy spoones	6
1 Tinn drippine pann, 1 brish & one Runlett all att	3
Prickers, Compasses and Lumber	7
Two peyres of sheetes	1 05 00
2 bowlsters Cases, 1 pyr of sheetes	13
2 peyre of Dimitty sheetes	2
4 pillow bearers att	4
12 napkines, 1 Table Cloath	14
6 Course Napkines, 1 Table Cloath	15
1 Warming pann att	3 06
	<hr/>
	26 03 00

## In ye upper Chamber

2 Corne sives, 3 Meale sives	00 06 00
8 Sackes at 40s, 1 bedsteade,	
1 Canvas bed, 1 feather bowlster,	
1 ould blankett, 1 ould rugg 20s	3
2 saws 16s, 5 syths, 3 seads and Tackeling att	15
	1 11 00
8 reape hookes, 4 Howpes att	11
3 bushs of ground Mault att	12
3 bushs of wheate Meale & 1 bushel of Indian Meale	13
1 Winnowing sheete, 1 pecke, 1 saddle ould one wth a bridle	13
3 Tubbes & Some Lumber	5
3 pecks of Sault & some hopps	1
	<hr/>
	8 11 00

In the Cellar	
One Chyrne, 2 Keelers	8
A Milke Ceene 2 Kellers	4
2 beere barrells & some sope	8
7 yds 1-2 of Course Cayrsey	1 00 00
3 blanketts 1 pillow case	1 00 00

trator was £1000. The addition of the figures in the above inventory make the estate to value £640 15 7.

—000—

## THE CLOSE OF THE DAY.

In the Darie		3 00 00
30 younds of butter att	00 15 00	
17 Cheeses att	1 05 00	
4 Cheese fatts & covers & 30		
Trayes att	1 18 00	
5 earthern panns 6 earthern potts	5 06	
4 small earthern vessells	1 06	
1 peyre of scyles 6℥ 2 weights	(3) 03 00	
Tallow Candles & Sugar	5	
one Cheese presse att	8	
In Silver	14 13 07	
A servant boy 7 years 3-4	14 00 00	
	36 14 7	

Debt due to the Estate p. book or bill 81 2 0

The Estate is Dr. to severall prsons

In the whole	24 11 6
p: Edw. Risworth	
Roger Playsteade	
John Wincoll Apprizers.	

Charles Frost doth attest upon oath before this Court yt this Inventory above written is a true Accopt of those particular goods, Lands & Chattels left by his rather Nicl: Frost, lately deseased wch hee, ye sd Charles gave unto ye apprizers. Taken this 3d of Octobr, '63

p: Edw. Richworth, Assottate.

The Court was held at Wells, Sept. 29, 1663, and Charles Frost's bond as adminis-

We bring this series of Commemorative Papers to an end with the Letter and the Poem of Mr. GEORGE W. FROSST of Washington, D. C.,—written in anticipation of this day and its exercises. The Letter is addressed to his relative, Mr. HOWARD FURBISH:

June 30, 1897.

Dear Cousin Howard: It would be impossible for you to know, or even think, how much I regret that my health will not permit me to mingle with the good people of OLD ELIOT, at the Commemoration, to be held near the old Homestead,—July 4, 1897.

When it was announced that the Eliot Historical Society, and other interested parties, would observe the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Massacre of Major CHARLES FROST, I indulged the hope that it was possible for me to be present.

As I am the oldest living member of the Frost family who inherited the original Home-read, I had a great desire to witness the honor to be given to his memory.

Since it will be impossible for me to meet my "kith and kin," I send best wishes for the great and interesting Day, and the accompanying Lines, which the occasion has suggested:—

## "Two Centuries Numbered with the Brave."

—0—

GEORGE W. FROSST.

As I aspire in this rude song of mine,  
To make his name in greater lustre shine,  
And though his dust lies slumbering in the grave,  
He left a name unstained, heroic, brave;  
A name which echoes through the tented past  
Like sound of charge, rung in a bugle's blast.

By heaven 'tis often given to the great,  
 To find their day of fame the hour of fate;  
 So with the Father of old Eliot's sons and daughters,  
 Who walked with Death near Old Piscataqua's waters,  
 Which still will bear his glory on the tide,  
 Till in Eternity their waves subside.

Fate full of heaven! its mercy and its power,—  
 Man made immortal in his mortal hour,—  
 So Major CHARLES with thee; the hour that wrought  
 Thy fame, thy footsteps to the grave hath brought:  
 The same thy closing and thy opening scene,  
 But, Oh! with many a sad, sad year between.

Thus fate pursued the paths marked out by Fame  
 With laggard speed and with misguided aim,  
 Till Glory's courses thou hadst gone around,  
 And Fate o'erlooked thee where first fame had found:  
 But not until the cycle thou hadst run  
 Of all Old Eliot's warriors known beneath the sun.

And endless thus as the Creator's span,  
 Must be the memory of this noble man  
 Whose name a calm and steady radiance throws  
 On Eliot's early history, like the sun's repose;  
 Two centuries has he slumbered in the grave,  
 Two centuries he's been numbered with the Brave!

Had I the power I well might pause to scan  
 The varied years of this heroic man;  
 Might follow through his strange heroic life,  
 Where oft was seen the Indians bloody knife;  
 And tell how fields were stained in this fair clime.  
 By blood and tears, rapacity and crime.

Where the wild Indian dance or war-whoop rose,  
 The scene is now of plenty and repose;  
 The quiver of the Indian race is empty now,  
 His bow lies broken underneath the plow;  
 And where the wheat fields rustle in the gale,  
 The vanished Indian scarcely leaves a trail.













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